CE $1.25

SEPTEMBER 5, 1980

ST ROUND
THE GARDEN
RICHARD BROOKHISER
—see page 1069

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMTH020E- 029 3018
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

"EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE AND WORSE"

1930 — Herbert Hoover — GEORGE NASH

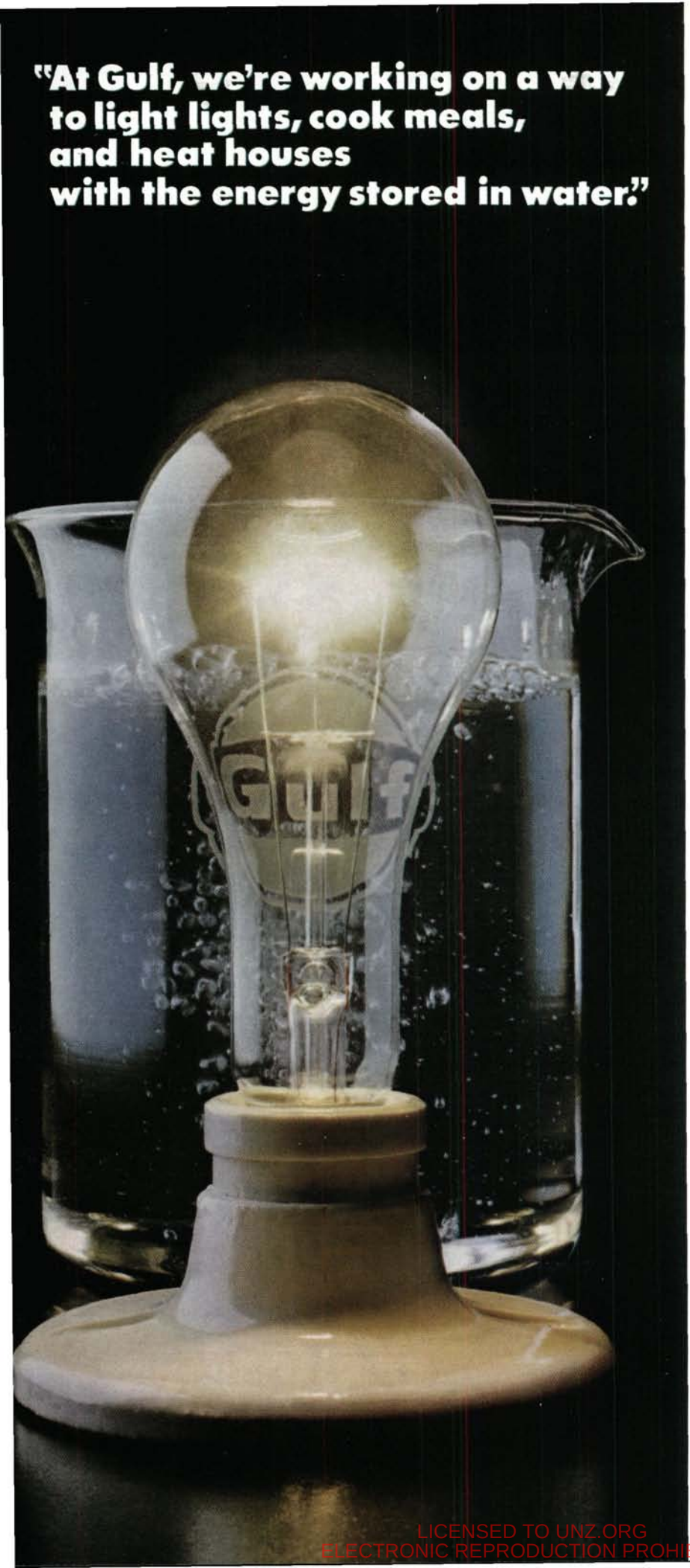
1980 — Jimmy Carter — FRANKENSTEIN

MOSCOW'S OUTWARD THRUST

NORMAN B. HANNAH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At Gulf, we're working on a way to light lights, cook meals, and heat houses with the energy stored in water."



"You probably remember from grade-school science that water is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen," says Dr. John Norman.

"Here at General Atomic Company, a subsidiary 50% owned by Gulf Oil, a project is under way to extract hydrogen from water for use as a fuel: for heating, cooking, or anything that now uses petroleum or natural gas.

"There are 326 million cubic miles of water on earth, and hydrogen in every drop–a natural energy resource that won't run out."

"The extraction process is called thermochemical water-splitting. We know it works because we've done it. But it takes high temperatures – about 1600° F – so it's rather expensive.

"It may be the turn of the century before it becomes commercial. But it's an attractive idea. Hydrogen from a gallon of water has about half as much energy as there is in a gallon of gasoline.

"Hydrogen can be made into a liquid or gaseous fuel. It can be transmitted long distances more cheaply than electricity. And when hydrogen burns, it's converted back into water. Very tidy."

At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other ideas, too. Thermochemical water-splitting is one of them. We are also working on underground coal gasification, solar research, liquefied coal and other synthetic fuels, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

Basically the business we are in is energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

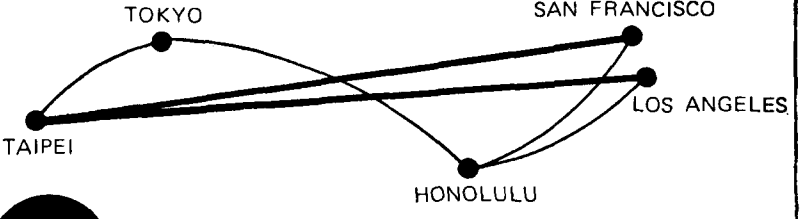
NONSTOP!

San Francisco or Los Angeles to TAIPEI!

Stretch out in
our new First Class Sleeperseats and sleep in real comfort!

You not only save **3½** hours to Taipei, but also enjoy speed and spacious comfort on the only 747SP nonstop San Francico-and Los Angeles-Taipei service. Or save time to Tokyo when you fly our roomy 747s via Honolulu direct to convenient Haneda Airport, bypassing the "Narita Bottleneck." Fast connections on to other Asian and Middle Eastern destinations.

We are fast, courteous and professional with all the right connections. If you're on a tight schedule but want the luxury and comfort long-distance passengers are entitled to, you want China Airlines.



China Airlines
Flag Carrier of the Republic of China

For reservations or information: San Francisco: (415) 989-3300, Los Angeles: (213) 624-6160, Honolulu: (808) 536-6951, New York: (212) 581-6500, Chicago: (312) 427-2920, Houston: (713) 965-0474, Washington D.C. (202) 833-1760.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 5, 1980
VOL. XXXII, NO. 18
ISSN: 0028-0038

FREEMAN
Page 1067

BROOKHISER
Page 1069

HANNAH
Page 1073

NASH
Page 1078

MANO
Page 1094

BERENSON
Page 1089

Articles & Columns

1067 Welcome Home, George
It wasn't so long ago that George Gilder was the brains behind the Ripon Society. Now he's the brains behind, well, us. *Neal B. Freeman*

1068 Caribbean Rot
It's inaccurate to accuse Washington of neglecting a problem which it has done its best to abet. *Brian Crozier*

1069 Last Round in the Garden
Outside, a sanctuary for hookers. Inside, a dispirited bunch of Democrats, enlivened only by Senator Kennedy's resonant fatuities. *Richard Brookhiser*

1073 Moscow's Outward Thrust
Our stunned President might have been less taken aback by Afghanistan had he known the Russian-Soviet record since the days of Peter the Great. Herewith some vignettes of Russian strategy in Central Asia. *Norman B. Hannah*

1078 Mr. Hoover's Nation
Everybody and his running-mate seem to be repudiating Herbert Hoover even now. Too bad, because Hoover still has much to say to us. When he left his native Iowa and encountered a Europe riven by kaleidoscopic fanaticisms, he began to achieve an eloquent grasp of this nation's essence—the special, precious, but fragile source of its greatness. *George H. Nash*

1083 Toying with the Cultural Messages
What moves a 16-year-old girl to kill nine strangers? Could the *New York Times* have something to do with it? *Leopold Tyrmand*

1085 Enterprise Zones
Some congressmen are working to bring capitalism to where it is most urgently needed. *M. Stanton Evans*

1086 Escaping the Teachers' Clutch
And in Michigan, another setback for the public education monopoly. *Russell Kirk*

Books Arts & Manners

1087 **Neal B. Freeman** looks into Alan Crawford's *Thunder on the Right: The "New Right" and the Politics of Resentment*. . . . Peter Conrad's *Imagining America* is warped, says **Douglas Armato**, by the author's inability to imagine America. . . . Anatole Broyard brings a fine literary sensibility to essays on *Men, Women, and Other Anticlimaxes*, purrs **Jane Larkin Crain**. . . . Art historian Barbara Novak meditates on American nature-worship, to the delight of **Ruth Berenson**. . . . **John Simon** restores our perspective, as is his wont, on several otherwise well-received movies. . . . **Joseph Sobran** wonders why so many people forgive J. R. Ewing so much. . . . **Linda Stevens** reports on another convention. . . . **D. Keith Mano** finally gets around to UFOs.

Letters	**1050**
For the Record	**1057**
The Week	**1058**
help!	**1076**
Dark Horses	**1097**
On the Right	**1100**
Trans-O-Gram	**1102**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1980. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $21.00 (26 issues) a year. Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How we're turning our earnings into some of the most important oil and natural gas discoveries in recent years.

A lot of American oil and natural gas is out there waiting for drill bits like these to find them. Trouble is, finding and producing new reserves is an expensive, difficult proposition. At Amoco, we think the money spent finding America's own energy is money wisely spent.

The Tuscaloosa Trend in Louisiana is a good example of how we're spending money searching for new natural gas supplies. Finding gas in this region has never been easy. The terrain and underground rock layers create conditions so difficult that a well can cost $8 million or more. That's eight times the cost of an average onshore well. But the benefits to America could be enormous because this is one of the most promising discovery areas in decades of drilling in Louisiana.

Amoco has also made important finds in southwest Wyoming and northeast Utah. The area is called the Overthrust Belt and discoveries made here are some of the most exciting for America's energy future since Alaska's Prudhoe Bay field. But the Overthrust Belt also presents expensive and difficult development and drilling problems. One recent oil discovery in Utah, Amoco No. 1 Bountiful Livestock, cost more than $8 million.

While the cost of drilling in both these areas is high, so is Amoco's success rate. Our exploration success rate in the Tuscaloosa Trend was 50%. That compares with a 32% industry average in the Trend. It's not likely that the future holds cost reductions for finding oil and natural gas. But Amoco's commitment is firm because we're sure searching for discoveries like these is the best way to spend our earnings. Finding new energy will help make America less dependent on foreign oil.

America runs better on American oil.

AMOCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Neal B. Freeman *(Washington)*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / M. Stanton Evans
Ernest van den Haag
Norman B. Hannah / Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell / John Simon

Associates
Mona Charen / Carol B. Learsy
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker Sobran
Timothy J. Wheeler

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Colleen Lawlor *Associate Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Ione Whitlock *Associate Production Editor*
Robin Wu *Research Consultant*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
John K. Syze

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Samuel T. Cohen
Miles Copeland / John R. Coyne Jr.
David Evanier / Paul A. Gigot
George Gilder / Victor Gold
John Greenway / Donald Hall
Henry Hazlitt / Charles R. Kesler
John Kiley / Nicholas King
Suzanne La Follette / Mary Martinez
Forrest McDonald / Vincent Miller
Ferdinand Mount / George Nash
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Daniel Oliver / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Morrie Ryskind
Taki Theodoracopulos
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

*

Letters

Opening the Republican Shop

A cluster of pieces in your August 22 issue (by Richard Brookhiser, Robert D. Novak, and Kenneth S. Lynn) combined to show why the Republican Convention this year had so much life to it, and why the Democratic Convention seemed so desperate. The reason is that old-fashioned, New Deal liberalism is dying, clubbed over the head by the facts, and try though some of the Democrats might to paddle in our direction, they can't get rid of all the baggage they're carrying around.

I found the Novak piece particularly important. Although I could scarcely be called a "country-club Republican," I have shared some of the aversion to labor unions that Novak describes. But while I will always find some practices of some unions (like closed-shop contracts) morally indefensible, I must say that in the last few years I've talked to quite a few union men who (depending on how you choose to look at it) either are coming around our way politically or are finding that the Reagan wing of the Republican Party is more congenial to what they have always believed than any wing of the present-day Democratic Party. Either way, as Mr. Novak says, it's a development Republicans mustn't be frightened of.

Howard Creel
Minneapolis, Minn.

With Their Dying Breath

Emily A. Rudd ["Letters," July 25] is correct when she takes *Devil Take Him* to task for ascribing to Constantine the words of Julian: *Vicisti, Galilaee*. A novelist must thoroughly check the statements of his characters—and certainly Paul Castelar should have known better than to confuse the dying gasp of one Roman emperor with the dying gasp of another. It is too late for me to admonish Castelar for leading me astray. But perhaps what is more important than his error is the sad awareness that today no emperor, prime minister, or president would surrender his soul to God with Julian's words on his lips.

Ralph de Toledano
Washington, D.C.

Lubin & the Saudis

Am I glad I changed barbers! Instead of the usual *Playboy*, this time I got to read your publication with Peter Lubin's absolutely brilliant article, "Can We Trust the Saudis?" [July 25]. It was incisive, insightful, eye-opening. Can hardly wait now for my next haircut—and Lubin's next piece.

Herbert Tarr
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Can it be that Peter Lubin is so smart?

Or, is it that our Administration, State Department, national security staff, and all the candidates are that naïve?

I think it's the latter. Great article. Thank you.

Caitlin Carr
Newtown, Conn.

Peter Lubin's anti-Islamic article is so short-sighted and dishonest that it nearly persuaded this reader to support Carter.

Example: Lubin cites PLO support of the Soviets' Afghan move at the May Islamic Conference. He fails to mention that the PLO point of view was slapped down by a huge majority there, despite the anti-American feeling roused by Carter's useless "rescue" attempt.

Lubin would not want us to know that most of the Islamic world is now very anti-Soviet and disgusted at Arafat's bootlicking of Brezhnev. (Cf. *Afghanistan Times*, Los Angeles, June 1980.) The Iranians are a case in point—they sponsored the Afghan resistance delegation at the May Islamic Conference and have gone so far as to suggest that Iranian individuals might cross the border to lend a hand in the fighting. (Bani-Sadr, reported in *Afghanistan Times*, March 1980.)

To sum up bluntly: The cockpit of anti-totalitarian struggle is now in Afghanistan. Our business is to work with those who can spread the seeds of insurrection to the body of the Soviet Union.

Lawrence J. Dickson
Seattle, Wash.

The Father of Detente

In his review of Richard Nixon's *The Real War* [July 25] William Rusher asserts that the former President lacked the will power (while he was in the White House) that is emphasized in his book as the key element in an East-West strategy. Mr. Rusher cites the promotion of SALT and detente as evidence that Nixon was an "off-and-on cold-warrior." This analysis ignores the role that Congress has assumed in the formulation of foreign policy during the last decade. The freezing of the Soviet ICBM advantage in SALT I, for example, was accepted only because Congress had failed to fund any new strategic weapons programs. Had the freeze not been agreed to, the ICBM "gap" would have widened. Detente was an attempt to create a web of interdependencies such that the United States could wield some leverage against the Soviet Union while Congress pursued its isolationist policies.

Thus, Mr. Rusher's assertion that "even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally. The nation's starting to listen.

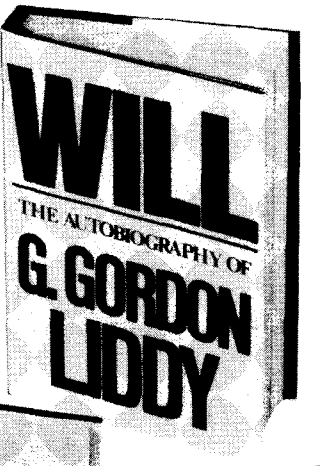
Learn why, in a Library of Current Conservative Thought.

If you're tired of big government, big taxes, and false promises, take heart. The nation's coming around to your way of thinking at last.

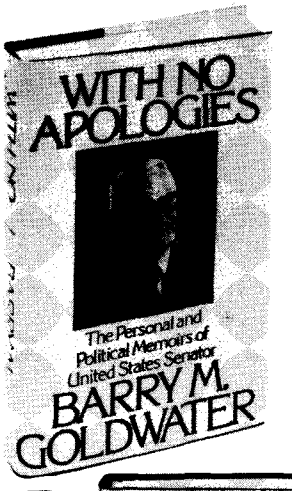
Now you can get a complete library of books that say what you've always known—but with a new approach for today. Simply join The Conservative Book Club, and we'll send you a personal library of current conservative thought worth over $60.

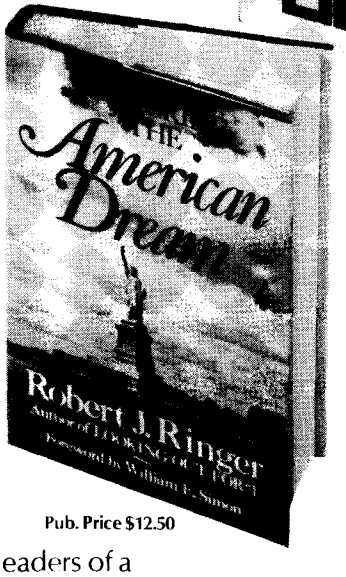
You'll get articulate answers from the new conservative majority: Decision-makers. Policy-changers. Inflation-fighters. Trend-setters. People who'll be changing every aspect of your life in the 1980s.

As a Conservative Book Club member, you'll have access to books that keep you aware of what's current:

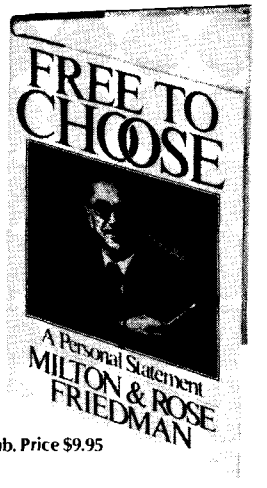


Pub. Price $13.95

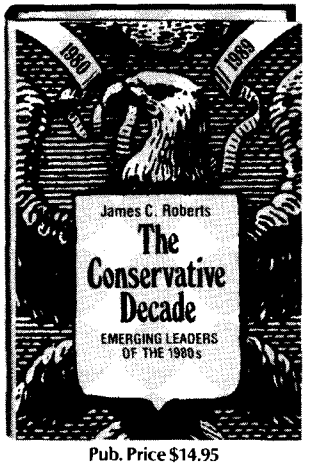




Pub. Price $12.50



Pub. Price $9.95



Pub. Price $14.95

- James C. Roberts introduces leaders of a political renaissance.
- Tom Wolfe revs you up with "the right stuff."
- Bill Buckley slams hard at big government.
- Nancy Reagan shares her thoughts on abortion.
- Historians review World War II and the Cold War.
- David Dreman reveals how little guys can beat big investors in the stock market.
- Milton Friedman explains how free markets *can* work.
- Richard Nixon tells why we're already fighting World War III.
- AND MORE!

No other book club brings them all to you. All the people who are rousing the nation to new action—for *your* freedom and prosperity.

Why not take command of the knowledge that's making America turn right! Order your library of current conservative thought today.

5 Books for $3

(Publishers' Prices Total $64.30)

P.O. Box 10655, Des Moines, Iowa 50336

Yes, I want to keep up on current American thought. Send me all 5 books shown and enroll me in The Conservative Book Club. Bill me $3 plus postage and handling. I understand that as a member, I'll receive 15 Conservative Book Club Bulletins a year, filled with news of interest on politics, history, and world events, as well as descriptions of current Club offerings. MY ONLY OBLIGATION is to buy 3 books over the next 12 months—all at 20% to 50% off the publishers' prices. If I wish to order the Main Selection, I will do nothing. It will be sent automatically. If I want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—I will indicate that on the reply form and return it by the date specified. If I receive a Selection without having 10 days to decide that I want it, I may return it at Club expense. A postage and handling charge will be added to each order. A31

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

Prices somewhat higher in Canada and abroad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to change, Brady style

BRADY

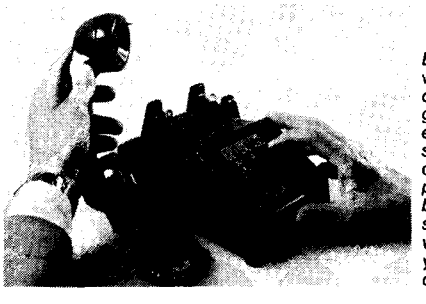
™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

Despite the many ways government at all levels increasingly intrudes in our business and personal lives, we still enjoy more freedom than most of the rest of the world.

Like *freedom to change*, just as Brady has recently done with its own corporate identity. In order to make businessmen more clearly aware of who we are, and what we do, two steps have been taken.

• First, development of a new corporate signature, logo, symbol and slogan. You see it above, and you'll soon be seeing it in our ads, packaging, letterheads, signs, and calling cards.

• Second, a colorful new corporate brochure that tells you who we are, how we got started and what we make, and where we make and sell it. We'll be pleased to send you a copy.



Brady LiteTouch™ low voltage membrane switches combine contemporary graphics and solid state electronic technology in a sealed package. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry and business. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company as you review our new corporate brochure.

WBC-6

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

national will power may not be enough without leaders willing and able to act" should not be directed at Mr. Nixon, who held no illusions about Soviet intentions, but at the Congresses which he had to work with.

Richard Brown
Babylon, N.Y.

Mr. Nixon cannot hide behind the skirts of Congress forever, inexcusable though the latter's omissions were. Detente, for example, the personal invention of Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger, served mightily to sap the very will that Mr. Nixon now belatedly (and rightly) proclaims essential to the survival of the West. —WAR

Novak and the Draft

I am always helped by Michael Novak, and I have gone out of my way to locate material by him. But I find generous to a fault his inability to admit his own grave error in undermining our military effort during the Vietnam War ["Reflections on the Draft," July 11]. This reminds me of Peter Berger's similar generosity.

I applaud his belated perception of the enormity that is military socialism. The latter has caused the death of hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese since 1975—more deaths on average than combined military and civilian deaths during the war years. Exactly as predicted, Hanoi's domestic and international politics have proved to be bloodier than the fight to resist it.

Let Mr. Novak review the Vietnam conflict without his media filters. When men and women of his stature are able to do this, then perhaps we will be able to formulate adequate strategies, policies, coalitions, and alliances to resist the expanding networks of totalitarian socialism.

It will take far more than a draft of young Americans to meet the palpable threat in the Persian Gulf, Central America, southern Africa, and Asia—and I am proud to be working in harmony with Michael Novak this time. We need him, very much. And so did the peoples of Vietnam in the 1960s and 1970s.

David Keeler
Palo Alto, Calif.

Michael Novak echoes a commonly held view: the Volunteer Army has failed. But even during the days of the draft, the bulk of Service people were volunteers. All enlisted men on their second or later enlistment, and all officers, were volunteers. Even during the bleak days of the Vietnam War, re-enlistment rates and officer-retention rates were high.

Today, the Services are having problems at all ranks, not just with recruits. Re-enlistment rates are low, and so are officer-retention rates. The reason is not hard to find. The Service is no longer an attrac-

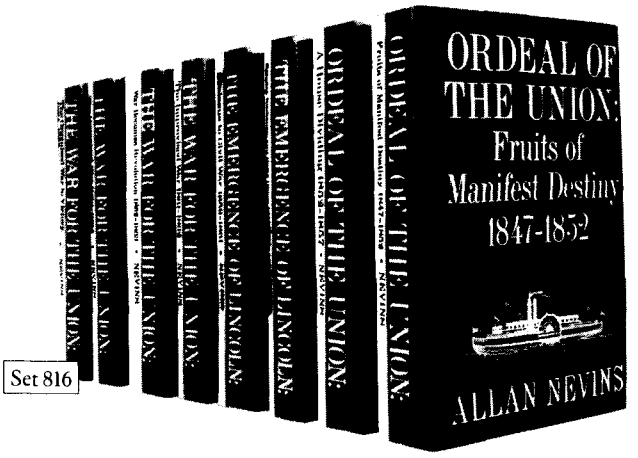
→

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

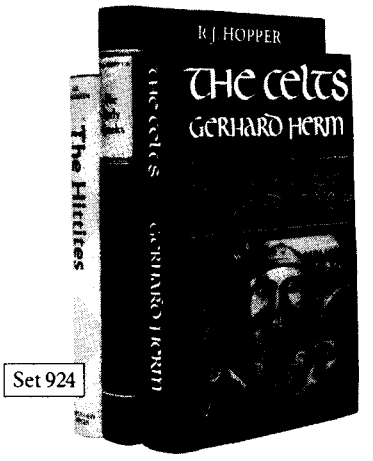
Drink deeply from the wellspring of history...

Choose Any Set For A Dollar A Volume

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to $112, with trial membership.

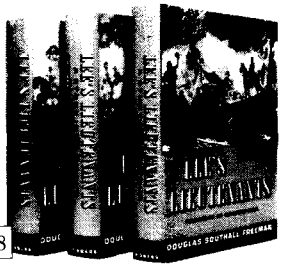


Allan Nevins'
THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION
8 Volumes, Publisher's Price $120.00/ *Yours For Only $8*
The masterwork of this great historian. Monumental account of our national history, 1847 to 1865. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian.
"We are not likely to see more history of this character and scope for some time to come."
–N.Y. Times, National Book Award



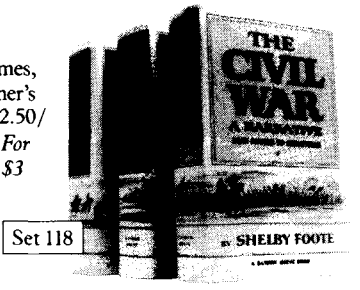
GREAT ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS
3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $55.50/ *Yours For Only $3*
Exciting studies of history's most remarkable cultures.
James Macqueen's *The Hittites*, R. J. Hopper's *The Early Greeks*, and Gerhard Herm's *The Celts*.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $75.00/ *Yours For Only $3*



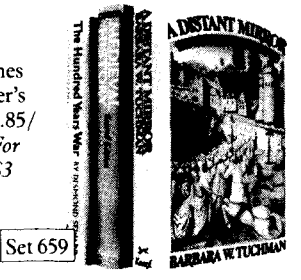
Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A STUDY IN COMMAND
The remarkable commanders of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and how they waged–and almost won–the Civil War. 2,395 pages; 24 portrait photographs; 107 military maps.

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $82.50/ *Yours For Only $3*



Shelby Foote's
THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative
By a historian who is also a gifted novelist–the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox. "A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing."–N.Y. Times

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $39.85/ *Yours For Only $3*



REFLECTIONS OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD
Three absorbing views encompassing the details of life and the grand sweep of medieval history. Norman Cantor's *Medieval History*, Desmond Seward's *The Hundred Years War*, and Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*.

The story of history, and the men who made it, makes for reading that is both lively and valuable. Now in its 34th year, the Club provides its members with the finest new books of history and world affairs–always at substantial savings.

For a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured–with your first selection at the low member's price (any book listed at right).

Membership Benefits

A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low member's prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

Every four weeks (13 times a year) for as long as we think you're interested, you will receive our *Review* containing descriptions of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

PICK ONE OF THESE SELECTIONS AT THE LOW MEMBER'S PRICE:
(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

157. **A History of the Vikings.** *By Gwyn Jones.* $15.00/**$9.95**

520. **Plagues and Peoples.** *By William H. McNeill.* Impact of diseases on civilizations from prehistory to the present. $10.00/**$7.75**

828. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**

825. **Babylon.** *By Joan Oates.* $16.95/**$10.95**

216. **Fire and Water: A Life of Peter the Great.** *By Alex de Jonge.* The story of one of the world's most flamboyant rulers. $12.95/**$9.50**

658. **Stonewall in the Valley: T.J. 'Stonewall' Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Spring 1862.** *By Robert C. Tanner.* $10.00/**$7.95**

464. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $12.50/**$8.75**

233. **History of the Idea of Progress.** *By Robert Nisbet.* An investigation of the impact of man's belief in progress. $16.95/**$10.95**

884. **Stonehenge and Its Mysteries.** *By Michael Balfour.* $14.95/**$9.90**

265. **Conspiracy.** *By Anthony Summers.* A chilling report of gripping interest about the Kennedy assassination and the theory of conspiracy. $17.95/**$12.50**

H08HAM

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB · Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill my set at $1 a volume and my other selection at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

Set # _____ Selection # _____

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within a year *(not counting my choices above)*. After that, both the Club and I have the option of cancelling membership at any time. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NV-85W

Print Name _____

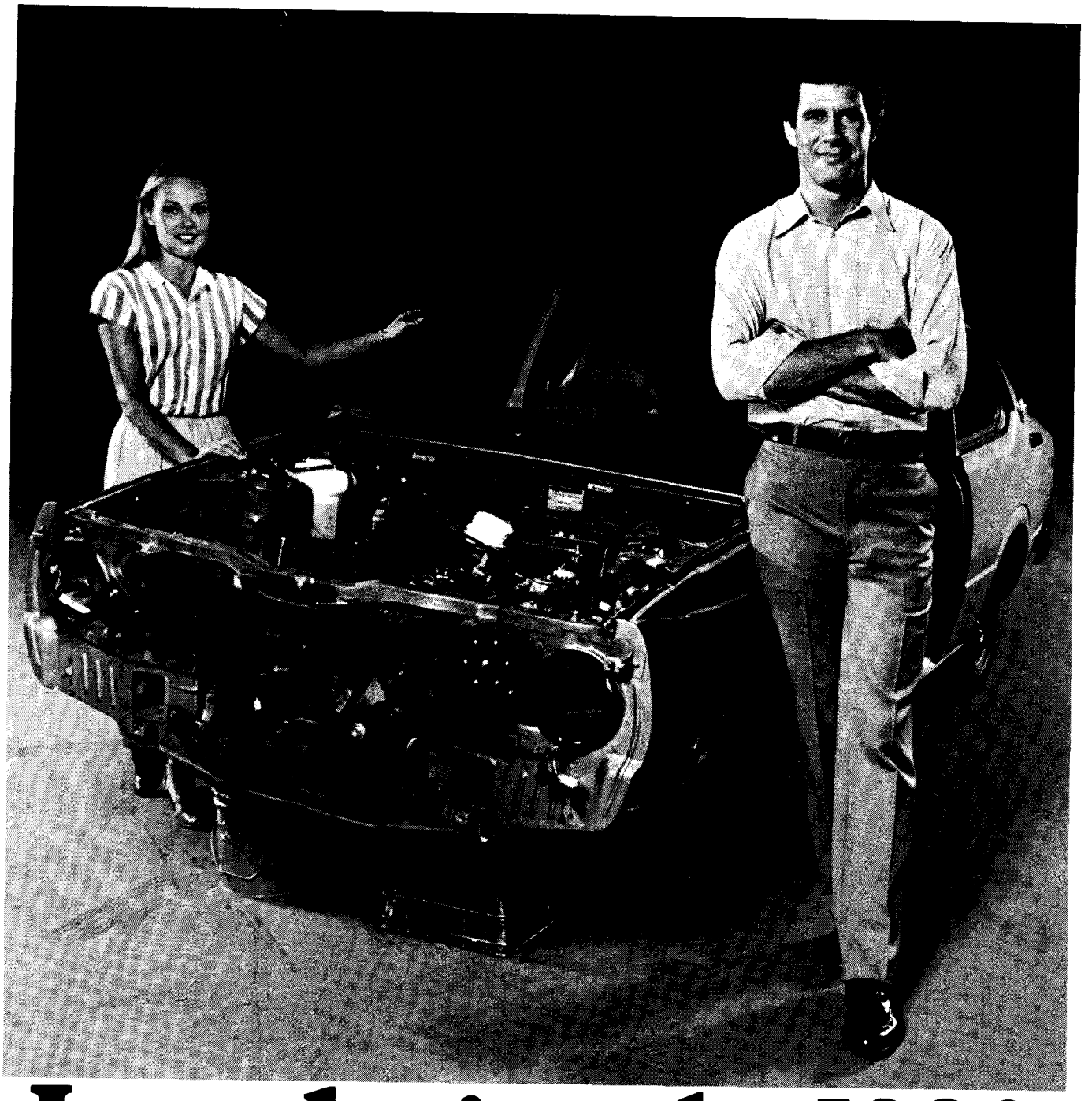
Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

In Canada mail to: The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Introducing the 1980 Fraudmobile.

Among the 1.1 million cars stolen last year was a growing fleet of Fraudmobiles...vehicles like the one you see above.

Some car owners, you see, keep pace with inflation by having their cars dismantled in whole or part. Then they hide the remains,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collect the claims... and do a reassembly.

Others solve the energy crisis by hiring a "torch" to roast their gas-guzzler and then put in for a total loss.

These are only two ways owners pocket millions annually in illicit payments and drive up auto rates for everybody.[1]

Is anyone out there tempted to join them? Ætna Life & Casualty offers a few words of warning.

We're participating with other insurers in the National Automobile Theft Bureau, whose central computer doggedly sniffs out Fraudmobile traffic.

Over the past two years, we've devoted ourselves to seminars which help John Law pinpoint Fraudmobile owners.[2]

And along with using "fraud profiles,"[3] we're offering cash rewards to our 37,000 employees for information leading to the recovery of stolen vehicles.

More can be done. It should be. *It will be!*[4] Because neither you nor Ætna wants to see a day when insuring your car might cost more than paying for it.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] Another popular technique is the "paper" car—a phantom automobile registered and insured solely to be reported stolen, then collected on. Thanks to such methods, auto theft *in general* is accelerating at over 10% a year, and cost Americans $2 billion plus in 1979.

[2] Ætna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

[3] A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the insurance policy's effective date? Or was it *not* reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets hoisted.

[4] Ætna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Ætna Life & Casualty,
151 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, CT 06156

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics

The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

Distinguished scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. Essays by Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Introduction by R. M. Hartwell. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

Democracy and Leadership

By Irving Babbitt

A penetrating work that joins the broken links between politics and morals. With a foreword by Russell Kirk. "A strict and relentless examination of the nature of individual liberty"—*New York Times Book Review.* "Stimulating"—*American Historical Review.* "Able, brilliant, and suggestive"—*The Spectator* (London). Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

Gustave Le Bon: *The Man and His Works*

A Presentation by Alice Widener

Gustave Le Bon strongly influenced such disparate figures as Lenin and Mussolini, Theodore Roosevelt and Sigmund Freud. Alice Widener examines his significance as the founder of social psychology, and presents edited extracts from Le Bon's *The Crowd, The Psychology of Socialism, The Psychology of Revolutions,* and other works. Hardcover $8.00, Paperback $3.50.

Economics and The Public Welfare
Financial and Economic History of the United States, 1914-1946

By Benjamin M. Anderson

A careful critique of government money-management and economic planning over a third of a century, begining before World War I and ending with the Bretton Woods Agreement. Dr. Anderson with experience as both a professor of economics and a bank economist presents a unique view of a crucial period of American financial and economic history. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

The Keynesian Episode

By W. H. Hutt

A fresh masterpiece of economic history and analysis, by one of the leading critics of Keynesianism. Hutt looks back to tell us why Lord Keynes' economic doctrines had such great appeal—with such disastrous results—and looks ahead to tell us how to restore a sound economy. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

Economic Forces at Work

Selected Works by Armen A. Alchian

A long-needed collection of Alchian's major papers, including his seminal "Uncertainty, Evolution and Economic Theory." Armen A. Alchian is Professor of Economics at UCLA and coauthor of the textbook *University Economics.* Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $3.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order these books, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. C21
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

tive career. During my years on active duty, from 1953 to 1975, I frequently found myself on the short end of salary comparisons with my college classmates. But the comparison was never as bad as it is today. Today's recruit makes less than the legal minimum wage. Many enlisted men are eligible for food stamps and welfare. Dedicated patriotic officers find that civilian careers presenting a lot less hardship pay a great deal better than does the military.

The Volunteer Army has not failed. Instead, it has been betrayed by Congress and the Administration, and ultimately the American people.

Joseph P. Martino
Colonel, USAF (Ret.)
Fairborn, Ohio

Whatever the merits one may find in the draft on practical and democratic grounds, the plain fact remains that Americans—unlike, say, the Swiss—are culturally ill-disposed to conscription outside of a unifying national emergency. We thus have a dilemma on our hands. Without the draft, we seem physically unable to face a protracted conflict forced on us by a rapacious enemy; but with the draft, as we learned from the Vietnam experience, we seem spiritually unable to sustain our side in the conflict.

The only way I see out of the dilemma is to stick with a volunteer service and to make it work. In addition to decent pay and rearmament, the active services need backup by a strong, well-trained, well-motivated volunteer reserve.

Over the long term, in a conflict that may continue for another generation or two or three, the draft just can't work for us; it's more likely to play into the hands of our enemies and their inadvertent supporters. We needn't and we shouldn't make the same mistake twice.

John R. Dunlap
San Jose, Calif.

On Horror's Head

Horror of horrors—mine eye doth seem to bend on vacancy and reason totters upon its throne. Is it possible that I have caught a Buckley in an error of fact? Although I have not read the book in question, I gather from Priscilla L. Buckley's review of John B. Moses's *Presidential Courage* [July 25] that either Dr. Moses or Miss Buckley is under the impression that President James Garfield had a cancerous jaw removed while serving as President. Surely both Miss Buckley and Dr. Moses know that the offending jawbone in question belonged to the Democratic President Cleveland rather than the Republican Garfield?

John Stark Bellamy II
Cleveland, Ohio

It tottereth. The error was mine. —PLB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Nomination finally his, **Carter**'s top priority from now until November 4 is to make **Reagan** the issue. By concentrating on the "dangerous" Reagan, Carter strategists hope to distract attention from Carter record, which they concede (anonymously) is dismal. "We've come from 'Why not the best?' to 'At least he's not the worst,'" a Carter aide told *Wall Street Journal*. . . . Reaganites preparing for the onslaught. Carter "can't campaign on his record," Reagan campaign manager **Bill Casey** says, "so he probably has to resort to a campaign of personal abuse." . . . "The Carter campaign is as mean-spirited as any you'll see in American politics," wrote political columnist **Richard Reeves** after the New York Convention. "Where the meanness comes from is obvious to anyone who watched Carter's rise to the Presidency and the attempts to keep the office—it comes from the top, from Jimmy Carter." . . . Mr. ADA, **Joseph L. Rauh Jr.**, went to the Democratic Convention a **Kennedy** loyalist and left it a **John Anderson** loyalist. But Rauh explained, "I don't feel I'm leaving the Democratic Party. Carter has rejected Democratic principles, so with John Anderson I'll have the candidate closest to those principles." . . . Anderson has good shot at securing endorsement of New York's **Liberal Party**. Carter aides admit he must take New York to win in November, and they don't believe he can do it if Anderson gets Liberal backing. . . . The "very, very prominent American" Anderson promised to name as chairman of his campaign? **Mary Crisp**, ousted in July from her post as co-chairman of GOP. Anderson: "This is the first time in American political history that a woman will be chairperson of a presidential campaign."

■ Democratic Convention, as expected, gave Carter big boost in polls. On the eve of the Convention, Reagan had 14-point lead over Carter in the **Gallup** poll, 45 to 31 (Anderson, 14 per cent). But Gallup taken immediately after Convention had the two running neck and neck, 39 for Reagan, 38 for Carter (Anderson stayed at 14). . . . The GOP does well when people are asked which party can best handle most important problem facing nation: 56 per cent cited **high cost of living** as major problem, 30 per cent said GOP could best handle it, 27 per cent the Democrats. The question is considered key barometer of voter mood. Not since 1972—year of **Nixon** landslide—have the Republicans topped the Democrats. . . . Democrats around the country running scared, and the top of the ticket isn't helping. **Russell Hemenway**, head of ultra-liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress, says, "It's one of the wickedest years for Democrats I've ever seen." He predicts 25 Democratic losses in the House and four or five "sure losers" in the Senate. Indiana's **Birch Bayh**, Idaho's **Frank Church**, Iowa's **John Culver**, South Dakota's **George McGovern** facing uphill fight. . . . In McGovern's case it may come down to whether Georgia's **Herman Talmadge** survives runoff vote for Democratic nomination. If Talmadge wins, he'll retain his seat as chairman of Senate Agriculture Committee. If he loses, seat will go to McGovern (unless, of course, GOP gains control of the Senate), a point McGovern is driving home to South Dakota farmers. . . . McGovern has also got a promise from Carter to re-assess the **grain embargo** imposed on Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan.

Holland, *Punch* Rothco

"It's nice to talk to someone. I commute between an area of rural depopulation and one of urban decay."

■ **Thailand** bracing for another attack from **Vietnamese** troops based in **Cambodia**. Vietnam has reportedly stationed up to 100,000 troops in western Cambodia, close to Thai border. Soviet MiG-21s could remove the Thai edge. **China**, meanwhile, is increasing its raids on Vietnam. . . . **Exit**—a British right-to-death group—had to withdraw publication of its booklet outlining four bloodless methods of committing suicide when advised of British law that makes "aiding and abetting" suicide a criminal offense. But Scotland has no such law, and Scotland's chapter of Exit came to the rescue by publishing booklet.

■ Convention Notes: Before Arkansas Governor **William Clinton** left for home, he made a bid to save the good name of **FDR**, which recently passed Reagan's lips in his GOP acceptance speech: "Everyone can quote him," said Clinton, "but his words out of context mean nothing." . . . Vendor near Madison Square Garden reports that his best-selling **T-shirt** was: "Why not the best? Dump Carter."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Rear Admiral Charles Gurney III, commanding officer at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center (Waukegan, Ill.), has suspended the playing of the National Anthem at the base movie theater because the kids were drowning it out with boos and catcalls. Thank God the Admiral didn't suspend the movies.

■ How about equal time for the Gay National Anthem —"God Save the Queen"?

■ All he said was that our first goal should be peace, but not at the cost of surrender; that a strong defense is our best guarantee of peace; that he's not seeking to introduce an arms race—for we're already in one, and losing it. *New York Times* headline: "Reagan Calls Arms Race Essential . . ."

■ And, while we're at it, how about this for a round of applause. Speaking about Vietnam to the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Chicago, Reagan said: "Ours was in truth a noble cause. We dishonor the memory of fifty thousand young Americans who died in that cause if we give way to feelings of guilt as if we were doing something shameful . . . There is a lesson for all of us in Vietnam. If we are forced to fight, we must have the means and determination to prevail." If a vote were taken on those propositions, not only among the editors of the *New York Times* or the *Los Angeles Times* or CBS, but in the country at large, would the ayes have it?

■ Senator Edward Kennedy told a cheering assemblage of Democrats at Madison Square Garden: "Our cause, from the days of Thomas Jefferson, has been the cause of the common man—and the common woman." That last phrase stirs recollection of a one-time Portuguese dictator's conferment of "the Order of Chastity, second class" on a prominent benefactress. In Edmund Burke's repining words, the age of chivalry is gone.

■ In the week ended August 6, the money supply exploded. Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, repeated his now barnacled advice against reading too much into the week-to-week figures; and, technically, he's got a point. But since the beginning of the year the money supply has almost stood still, and more than one analyst has been wondering—not how big the explosion would be, but when it would come. For the Fed must finance the lion's share of the Carter deficits—$60 billion in the current fiscal year, perhaps as much as $80 billion next year—and that kind of deficit financing can turn any economy into a banana republic. Look for prices to rise faster; interest rates to move on back toward 20 per cent; stock prices to stagger under the blows, but hold their ground more or less, betting on Reagan.

■ Two American clergymen, Lutheran and Catholic, were detained and searched upon arriving at the airport in Moscow; customs goons seized religious articles they were carrying and harangued them on the illegality of importing such things into the Soviet Union. The confiscated articles included sealed letters to U.S. Ambassador Thomas Watson and to the two Christian families taking sanctuary in the American Embassy awaiting permission to emigrate. The author of the letters, the Reverend James Glazier, the Baptist chairman of Christian Solidarity International, remarked that "this is just another indication of the 'religious freedom' which the Soviets are so loudly proclaiming to the Western world. If this is any indication of that freedom, let us have none in America." Meanwhile several other incidents have been reported of harassment against American tourists, at customs and in the streets of Moscow. Bearing religious or Hebrew-language items seems to increase one's eligibility for such treatment.

■ "Korea Thirty Years after the War" is the title of a Korean brochure commemorating the aggression of 1950. As the content makes clear, however, what is called peace is only a suspension—not an adjournment *sine die*—of operations along a battleline. A military

Welfare Fever

Some catch it like the Swedes, and it's for life;
You'll find the British in Intensive Care.
(Conservatives resorted to the knife,
And now's the time to say a little prayer.)
In Norway, oil just saved them from a scare;
In nearby Denmark, though, they're in the soup.
Black Africa is largely unaware
That life is not one endless ice-cream scoop.
Here, where the country's just begun to droop,
The doctors indicate it's touch-and-go.
Republicans are hoping we'll recoup,
While liberals are looking for a tow.
Unless we find a cure for this disease,
We'll all be conjugating Japanese.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The conventional wisdom in the nation's capital would appear to be hardening now around the proposition that not only was there no illegality involved in Billygate, there was no *impropriety*. We find this judgment extraordinary, even by pre-Watergate standards. Consider a few theoretical permutations on the story. Let us suppose that Trudeau's brother were revealed to be in the pay of the PLO; or Brezhnev's brother in the pay of the Israelis; or Nixon's brother in the pay of damn near anybody; or damn near anybody in the pay of the South Africans. These are nation-shaking revelations. More to the point, consider the media-googoo fallout if *Reagan's* brother were revealed to be in the pay of the Libyans. We are here to tell you that the press would not be too, too bored by the story; Birch Bayh would not be contemplating his navel; the Department of Political Justice would not be passing along private counsel as to how the First Brother-in-Waiting could avoid prosecution. It would be a four-alarm media event, with every kid reporter hoping to play the hanging judge.

How to explain the apparent double standard? Don't look to this corner for absolute answers, but surely it is a function of cultural, rather than ideological, patterns. The national press, much of it Eastern, has denied itself all ethnic and regional stereotypes save one—the Southern redneck. This legendary figure, absent a Washington lobby to call its own, has grown plumply mythological, an inviting target for everybody from Left to Right, from Hollywood to New York, from WASP to Catholic to Jew. The redneck-figure absorbs the blow, schmoo-like, and never offers a riposte. There is no price to pay. A cheap shot.

When Billy Carter stumbled onto the media stage four years ago, the entire national press broke into a chorus of "You Light Up My Life." And he was perfect—beer-swilling, potbellied, gas-pumping, pickup-driving, hard-cussin' Billy. He was everything his brother wasn't. More important for the pack journalists who had to get it fast and get it right, he was more *understandable* than his odd-duck brother. If Jimmy was a puzzlement on *Face the Nation*, Billy was down the middle of the groove on *Hee-Haw*. He was cast from Day One of the Carter era as the stand-up comic. And Billy wasn't so dumb, we were told. He shuffled a bit for the white folks and turned a good buck.

Then the news arrives. Billy has been cashing checks, large checks, from an international terrorist. What to make of it? Is it possible that the terrorist sees something in Billy that the media types missed? Is it possible that Billy is anything more than our own home-grown Polish joke? Is it possible that Billy and/or any of his friends and relatives know which way is up? Is it possible that the terrorist actually received anything for his money other than Billy's warm friendship?

Nah! You know Billy.

Along about the time you read this, James Earl Carter will be cashing a check at his neighborhood bank. It will be drawn against the U.S. Treasury in the amount of $29.4 million. These FEC funds, identical in amount to those issued to Ronald Reagan last month, will pay Carter's early campaign bills. They will keep his candidacy afloat. Without them, he might sink without a trace.

What has happened is that Big Mo has been banished from the campaign. In earlier times, pre-1976, a candidate could run up an early lead, scare off the opponent's money, and media-buy his way to victory in November. Ronald Reagan, just to take a serendipitous example, could have ridden Big Mo with great panache. Every point in the Gallup might be worth another—what? —$5 million in campaign funds? Reagan is one of the great fundraisers of modern politics. With the polls behind him, he could make even The Trickster look small time.

Campaign finance "reform" thus helps Carter in two ways, first as the incumbent (his staff, party favors, and transportation fleets are off-budget), and second as the underdog.

Think of it this way: the dumb money is on Carter.

■ As faithful readers of this space are well aware, we have never been counted among the more fervent admirers of campaign finance "reform." (We have difficulty even letting the phrase go out alone, unchaperoned by quotation marks.) The enabling legislation, in our view, was both ill-conceived and ill-drawn. As this season's presidential campaign takes shape, however, it becomes apparent that congressional tinkering did succeed—perhaps in a single respect only—in achieving the result actually intended.

■ Seems clear enough now that the Kennedy team made a major tactical mistake in New York. In opting to make their stand on rules rather than platform, they traded away their ideological advantage and lost the opportunity to split Carter's organizational base. Game, set, and match. Kennedy is not the first candidate to make that particular miscue. One recalls Reagan's curious decision in Kansas City to make rules the acid test. The Ford campaign went limp on platform issues and came away with the nomination. —CATO

---

threat, along with subversion, continuously impinges on South Korea—a point to be taken into account in appraising feats of productivity and shortcomings according to democratic standards.

■ Herewith a lesson in historical revisionism in the making. On September 11, 1973 the government of President Salvador Allende was toppled in Chile. During the fighting Allende retired to his office in the presidential palace in Santiago and shot himself in the head with a rifle he had received as a present from Fidel Castro. This is not the way revolutionary leaders are supposed to go. They should be gunned down by fascists, as Che Guevara was in Bolivia, or die at the head of their troops storming the barricades. So in the interest of revolutionary evangelism the facts had to be reshuffled. Doubts were immediately raised about Pinochet's official version of Allende's death, despite the fact that the new government had prudently invited newspaper photographers to take pictures of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Allende's body. These showed that the shot that had killed him had gone through the roof of his mouth. Despite which, and in short order, stories about the coup were soon to drop all mention of suicide. It would be variously stated that Allende "died" during the coup, that he was "killed" in the course of the fighting, that the fascist counterrevolution had resulted in the "slaying" of President Allende. An item ("The Week in Review," *New York Times*, July 20) brought it full circle: "Since the 1973 assassination of President Salvador Allende . . ."

■ The Heritage Foundation in Washington, which celebrated its own building at a jamboree in Washington last May—made possible by grants from the Coors and Noble foundations—is swinging. Robert Conquest, the British poet and author of *The Great Terror*, is in residence; also Professor Antonio Martino of Rome University, our own colleague Russell Kirk, and Professor Walter Williams of Temple. Last week the Foundation announced a new associate, Professor Ernest van den Haag, adjunct professor of Law at the New York Law School, Lecturer in Sociology and Psychology at the New School, editor (most recently) of *Capitalism: Sources of Hostility*. He is a regular contributor to *NR*. If Plato's Retreat doesn't work for you, patronize the Heritage Foundation.

■ Quite by coincidence, the annual Soviet crop failure has been revealed earlier than usual this year, and blamed on storms in the Ukraine and drought in Georgia (theirs, not ours), which is expected to result in a shortfall of ten million tons of grain.

■ Mayors from coast to coast are wringing their hands about the supposed loss of population that will lead to a loss in federal slops. Not Mayor Jerry Dexel of Dolores, Colorado. According to the Census, Dolores has zero population, and never mind the 997 hardy souls who live there. If Dolores has ceased to exist, Mayor Dexel reasons, nobody there will have to pay taxes, which is a much better deal than getting federal slops. If you don't hear from us for the next few weeks, it's because we're moving to Dolores.

■ U.S. prestige leapt with the announcement by Iranian Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh that the Soviet Union is "no less satanic" than we are.

■ The expedition searching for the *Titanic* has apparently succeeded. Using sonar (sound-detecting) equipment, the searchers have found something the right size and shape, and in the right location: Madison Square Garden.

■ ERRATUM: The account in the issue of August 8, p. 941, of the Ford-Reagan bargaining incorrectly attributed to Henry Kissinger responsibility for one of the inordinate demands made by the Ford people on the Reagan people. Subsequent information establishes that far from injecting his own name into the negotiations, Mr. Kissinger demanded, on learning it had been used, that it be withdrawn. In the words of William Casey, "Kissinger got a bum rap."

Human Eruption in Poland

Defying a regime and a system which claim to represent the "workers" in some ultimate and metaphysical way, the actual Polish workers are striking—rebelling—for rights that used to be called self-evident: freedom to organize and negotiate, freedom of the press and of religion, plus the release of political prisoners. In doing so, they are offering a fundamental challenge to the Communist government in Warsaw, and, by extension, in Moscow.

Those workers are doing this consciously. They know that if the local repressive apparatus proves inadequate, then Soviet tanks will move. They know that Washington cannot send forces. But they have evidently reached the point where they are willing to take all envisionable risks, even to the point of defeat and death.

The point, from their perspective, may be existential. If you are being led by guards to a firing squad, why not try to shatter your guard's knee-cap with one last kick? Under those circumstances, you are finally free.

How should the West respond? The Carter Administration has responded minimally, regarding all this as an "internal affair." The logic of this response—the Sonnenfeldt doctrine all over again—is that "stability" in the Soviet empire is in the U.S. national interest. Therefore, don't make waves.

But this policy is inadequate on at least two levels. First of all, the Soviets are not reciprocating. They are engaged, actively, in de-stabilizing governments and societies outside their empire, especially those vital to U.S. interests. A bit of reverse de-stabilization would certainly be in order, *pace* Mr. Sonnen-

As Time Goes By

Jane's Fighting Ships, that bleak recorder
Of who's ahead and what's on order,
Predicts the Russians will be sailing
A fleet we'll be reduced to tailing.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feldt. But, second, those workers deserve more, simply *deserve* it, from a nation that does stand for human liberty—and not merely for the selective "human rights" policy being practiced by the Carter Administration.

We could, and should, appeal to the Helsinki provisions. We could, and should, appeal to that piece of kleenex known as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. We could, and should, instruct our UN ambassador to make a speech about all this in the Great Wind Tunnel. But all that, which should be done, would fall far short of the mark. An American President must simply say: We know what you are doing, and we are for you because you are right, and we are Americans. Such communication carries. It cannot be entirely censored. Those workers in Gdansk would hear it, and, even if they are fated to die, they will honor and respect it. They deserve nothing less.

Two Conventions

The contrast could not have been more aesthetically outrageous. It was *As You Like It* on the one hand, *Troilus and Cressida* on the other.

In Detroit, the delegates arrived with various quarrels, which turned out to be relatively trivial as things moved forward, and they left enthusiastic for the most part about their nominee and optimistic about November. So far as can be discerned, only Mary Crisp went away mad, to cry on the shoulder of John Anderson. At Madison Square Garden, the delegates arrived angry and depressed, and went away more so, and they evinced little enthusiasm for their nominee, plus all the optimism of someone consigned to a tumbril by the Committee of Public Safety.

In Detroit, the nominee ended with a memorable acceptance speech. At Madison Square Garden, the most memorable line in the nominee's oration came when he referred to one of the party's beloved deceased as "Hubert Horatio Hornblower."

For one feature, surely, the Convention at Madison Square Garden deserves some sort of mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. This must be the first time a party's up-for-re-election Senate contingent declined, almost to a man, to show up—thus exercising conspicuous prudence.

It is interesting, too, to reflect upon the role of the two leaders of the opposition. There was a Ford fling on Wednesday in Detroit, but in the end it was absorbed, and—in the end—actually seemed to have done some good. Through it all, Reagan demonstrated his personal and Republican hospitality; and the right-most faction, having expressed its enthusiasm for Ford on Wednesday afternoon, could hardly choke on Bush Wednesday evening.

At Madison Square Garden, the enmities were open and acrid. There the leader of the opposition, Senator Kennedy, gave every indication from first to last of his contempt for the nominee and his desire to wreck him. The concluding "reconciliation" scene was a frigid and humiliating joke. Kennedy is conventionally said to be running now for 1984, but he hardly demonstrated his electability. His platform oratory was the best that money could buy, but thoroughly anachronistic. Kennedy might as well have come dressed in some period costume.

On the characteristics of the two sets of delegates, a few observations. We heard a great deal of commentary on Republican "homogeneity," and it is true that the Republicans in Detroit were more white, male, and normally middle-class in appearance than their Democratic counterparts. However, from an economic perspective, the Republicans represented a much greater variety of interests. More than three hundred Democratic delegates were teachers, and tightly controlled by the National Education Association, which paid their expenses; and which, indeed, had bribed Carter in 1976 with a $400,000 contribution and had been paid off with a new Cabinet-level agency all its own. More than one-third of the Democratic delegates, and by some estimates a majority, hold jobs either in or entirely dependent upon the public sector. *That*, indeed, from an economic perspective, was what the Madison Square Garden event was all about. That half of those delegates were women, 12 per cent black, blah per cent Hispanic, and googoo per cent gay was purely cosmetic.

So Reagan should win easily. Yes, he *should*—but it probably will not work out that way. The polls immediately after the Madison Square Garden fiasco actually showed a surge for Carter, as if affirmative action for the politically handicapped had suddenly become a widespread principle of voter choice. As the campaign develops, it now becomes clear, Reagan will find himself fending off an avalanche of dead cats and ripe tomatoes. It's safe to say that Reagan will have to enter the month of October with a solid lead, insurance against the "October surprises"—very likely in the foreign policy area—virtually certain to be cooked up by Jimmy, Rosalynn, Ham, and Jody, the current government of this Republic.

Getting Ready for 1982

The U.S. and the Soviet Union are reciprocally obligated to desist from interfering with each other's technical means for monitoring compliance with SALT I arms-control provisions. Nevertheless, the Soviet Union undoubtedly finds it irksome to be subjected to surveillance by U.S. space satellites and is demonstrably

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persevering in development of capabilities to destroy them in orbit. Savants on this side rate Soviet advances in laser-beam technology as significant in this particular connection (while discounting allegations about their potential for interdicting missiles in orbit). The Soviets are also striving to develop counter-satellites equipped with homing devices, and a recent related test was reportedly a near success. These developments are not necessarily portents of a design to flout SALT I obligations. Actually, the entire contract is subject on its own terms to abrogation after the giving of due notice. What may be prefigured is a Soviet intention to break free from SALT I when it becomes strategically advantageous to do so. Some strategic calculators on this side anticipate that juncture to be about two years hence. The response is not necessarily to attempt to duplicate everything the Soviet side is working at in this connection. Pouring great resources into satellite-killers may simply not be a prudent investment for the United States.

Countervailing techniques are certainly called for, however. It is technically feasible to shield observation satellites against laser-beam attack and to fit them to foil the homing devices on killer-satellites. It is costly to do so both in dollars and in payload reductions, however. The essential thing is to be technically ready if and when the need arises, and in this regard the savants are reassuring.

For the Record

CARTER: *"The Republicans . . . steadily cut real defense spending by more than a third [during the Nixon and Ford Administrations.]"*

FACT: From fiscal 1971 to fiscal 1978, Republican Presidents submitted budgets to Democratically controlled Congresses which would have increased defense budget authority by 62 per cent. Measured in today's inflated dollars, this was a drop of 6 per cent. The Democrats nevertheless cut $40 billion from Republican proposals over this period.

CARTER: *"Every year since I have been President we have had real increases [in defense spending.]"*

FACT: When Carter's budget for FY 1981 is compared with the amount he asked for three years ago (when he was publicly committed to reducing expenditures), the real increase is a mere 3 per cent. Notwithstanding, both Carter and Defense Secretary Brown have used the figure 10 per cent.

MONDALE: *"Reagan-Kemp-Roth . . . is a trillion-dollar tax cut."*

FACT: Kemp-Roth calls for a 10 per cent across-the-board tax cut. This would mean $24 billion, assuming all other figures remained the same. Any number of variables could affect the figures in years to come, e.g., increased revenues resulting from increased economic activity.

MONDALE: *"[The Republicans propose] tax cuts for the wealthy, trickle-down for the rest of Americans."*

FACT: The Republicans have proposed an across-the-board tax cut which will cut all Americans' taxes by the same percentage. Less than 1 per cent of U.S. taxpayers earn over $50,000 per year. Reducing their taxes by 10 per cent would cost the government less than $1.5 billion in taxes; or, less than 1 per cent of total revenues.

MONDALE: *"[Reagan] thinks antitrust suits should bust up trade unions in America."*

FACT: Reagan has never suggested "busting up the trade unions." The question whether *monopoly* unions should fall under the same anti-monopoly laws that govern business continues to interest democratic, anti-monopoly theorists.

MONDALE: *"[Reagan alleged that] Fascism was the basis of the New Deal."*

FACT: The union of political and economic power was a critical insight of Fascist, and New Deal, theorists.

Change of Strategy Or Shift of Hats?

Just as the Democratic Convention was about to open, President Carter, approving a highly classified study that had been lying around since last winter, issued a presidential directive—PD59—to give effect to its terms, which dealt with strategic target selection in the hypothetical event of nuclear war. Rather than giving out the word in a press release, someone in the Administration deftly leaked it to a couple of reporters, thereby assuring Page One coverage in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* for scoops about a purported basic shift in the United States' strategic outlook and policies—away from canons of Mutual Assured Destruction and toward calculations of military utility. The rest of the media followed suit. Allied capitals professed little sense of surprise. The Soviet Union uttered standard imprecations. The so-called arms control community deplored it. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie huffed about being omitted from council on a matter so grave.

The residual question is what significance is to be accorded the new directive. An answer requires brief retrospection. Since the onset of the nuclear age, two general attitudes about nuclear targeting have developed. Arms-controllers aspire to the abolition of strategy by ensuring such mutual destructiveness in event of a nuclear war that neither side would ever get off the floor. Strategists, in contrast, are preoccupied with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the calculation of military gains and losses as factors in winning or losing.

In McNamara times, the arms-control outlook prevailed. President Nixon's *U.S. Foreign Policy for the 1970s: A New Strategy for Peace*, issued on February 18, 1970, pondered dangers inherent in having the choice of nuclear targets rigidly constrained to massive destructiveness. The resulting process of reconsideration led to a flexible targeting policy—much to the discomfiture of arms-control devotees—articulated in former Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger's annual report for fiscal year 1976. With the Carter Administration came a revived concern for maximizing destructive potential—theoretically achievable with fewer nuclear weapons than would be required for discriminate targeting. That approach heralded an influx of arms-control enthusiasts into the State and Defense Departments as well as the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. President Carter implicitly identified with them in a fantasy about maintaining deterrence against the Soviet Union with the theoretical capacity of one Poseidon submarine to wipe out all major Soviet cities and the professed goal of achieving absolute riddance of nuclear weapons.

In an initiative designed to head off a raid against U.S. strategic strength motivated by that kind of enthusiasm, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown suggested that his office be asked to review the whole question of strategic targeting, and a directive to that effect was issued in the name of the President's Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski.

The result is the painstaking study which has given rise to PD59. It is the work of a competent interdepartmental group headed up by Leon Sloss, himself long identified as a State Department expert in strategic questions. It is probably true that enthusiasts for Mutual Assured Destruction had little, if any, voice in the process, for the study is an exercise in strategy rather than anti-strategy. With certain elaborations, the report is generally in keeping with the postulates reflected in the Schlesinger formulation of five years ago.

Does the President's concurrence signal a change of outlook at the center of authority? As late as his most recent State of the Union message, the President was still fascinated with the idea of deterrence by one Poseidon submarine. The logic of PD59 would call for immediate and energetic attention to such matters as properly shielding U.S. command and control facilities and taking up the slack in civil defense, but there is no sign of any such change of approach. Until there is, the warranted supposition is that the President has not really swung around but—as one seasoned bureaucrat surreptitiously said—"has only changed the hat he talks through."

Jimmy's Tax Fantasy

In his nomination acceptance speech Jimmy Carter told a national TV audience that Kemp-Roth-Reagan is a "fantasy" tax cut that "offers rebates to the rich, deprivation for the poor, and fierce inflation for the rest of us." But, candidate Carter, the rest of us are already experiencing fierce inflation—the fiercest in anyone's memory—and without the benefit of a tax cut. The real problem is what will happen to us if we continue the present trend of inflation without offsetting tax cuts. Statistics developed by Peter Grace, President of W. R. Grace & Co., show that reality is even worse than Jimmy Carter's campaign rhetoric.

Inflation pushes all taxpayers into higher brackets of the progressive income tax, resulting in the same amount of purchasing power's being taxed at ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher rates. The occasional tax cuts, Mr. Grace discovered, don't come close to offsetting the devastating effect of taxflation on the taxpayer's purchasing power. During 1972-79, the government kept 46.8 per cent of the revenues that it gained by pushing people with $10,000 incomes (constant 1972 dollars) into higher tax brackets. Everyone else fared even worse. Inflation raised taxes on $15,000 incomes by $546 (of which the government kept 51.3 per cent), on $30,000 incomes by $1,827 (of which the government kept 74.1 per cent), and on $50,000 incomes by $3,679 (of which the government kept 81.5 per cent).

Mr. Grace calculates that if the taxflation of 1972-79 continues, every taxpayer who has an income of $20,000 or higher (in constant 1972 purchasing power) will be in the 50 per cent marginal tax bracket by 1986. Already since 1972 the top tax bracket on a $20,000 real income has risen from 25 per cent to 32 per cent. It is this sort of tax bracket "creep" that Kemp-Roth-Reagan offsets. One has difficulty understanding how a tax rate reduction that stops ordinary incomes from being taxed at the top rate is a "rebate to the rich." Candidate Carter, please explain.

Moynihan Up-to-Date

Fifteen years have gone by since the furor that followed the Moynihan Report effectively silenced any discussion of the structure of the black family in America. The taboo was observed out of caution: caution that any mention of black illegitimacy might impugn the morality of the majority of the black community; caution that the statistics might play into the hands of racists; and caution about exposing oneself to the same opprobrium visited upon Moynihan.

When Moynihan published his report in 1965, the illegitimacy rate among blacks was heading toward 25 per cent. In 1978, 53.2 per cent of all black births were outside of wedlock, and in the inner cities the rate was as high as 67 per cent. This compares with an overall national rate of 16.3 per cent in 1978, and a rate of 8.7 per cent among whites. The racial variable can, of course, continue to be soft-pedaled. But some blacks, perhaps taking the convention of silence for the condescension it truly is, have begun to disinter the issue themselves. William J. Wilson, Alvin F. Poussaint, and Thomas Sowell, among others, have begun to revive discussion of the social mayhem which causes, and is in turn caused by, illegitimacy.

Matriarchy's apologists notwithstanding, the outlook for an illegitimate child (which means, in almost every case, a fatherless child) is bleak. The infant mortality rate is almost twice that for legitimate babies, and illegitimate children account for roughly 80 per cent of the known cases of child abuse and neglect. On nearly every index of well-being—health, social adaptability, employability, even IQ—single-parent and illegitimate children lag behind their fellows. At a time when stable black families are pulling even with whites in income, illegitimacy represents the greatest obstacle to black progress in America. During the 1970s, earnings of black jobholders rose faster than those of whites, and earnings of black women jobholders rose almost to equality with those of white women. Yet black family income fell relative to white family income because the proportion of black families headed by women rose from 22 per cent in 1960 to 39 per cent in 1977. Among whites, the change was from 8 to 12 per cent.

The prevailing silence on the state of the black family has succeeded in eroding the stigma attached to black illegitimacy—but it cannot expunge the statistics.

A Trace of Walter Mitty?

Delving into uncatalogued materials at the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri, Francis L. Loewenheim, a Rice University historian, has found some heretofore undisclosed journals kept in the late President Harry Truman's handwriting during 1945-52. Two entries, dated January 27 and May 18, 1952, are especially intriguing. The first, as reported by Loewenheim, ponders a ten-day ultimatum to the Soviet Union and Communist China confronting them with a choice to desist from abetting and waging war against South Korea or to suffer "all-out war" involving a blockade of China's coast and destruction, by unspecified means, of "Moscow, St. Petersburg [*sic*], Vladivostok, Peking, Shanghai, Port Arthur, Dairen, Odessa, Stalingrad, and every manufacturing plant in China and the Soviet Union." The same entry, again according to Loewenheim, refers to a "final chance for the Soviet government to decide whether it desires to survive or not." The May 27 entry dwells upon problems of dealing with the Moscow and Peking regimes—"like an honest man trying to deal with a numbers racket king

The Empire Strikes Back

With their ray guns at ready, the Carter campaign
Is preparing to launch like Ardela and Kane.
Mrs. Harris is digging, exhuming the Klan;
Mr. Mondale waves Hoover as hard as he can,
While the President's planners are dredging the file
For some negative media, LBJ-style.
But they ought to remember before they've begun,
On the radio, it was Buck Rogers who won.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the head of a dope ring"—and speaks of putting to them the question: ". . . do you want an end to hostilities in Korea or do you want China and Siberia destroyed?"

The circumstances obtaining at those junctures are worth recall. The thankless task for the U.S., acting under the UN symbol, was to foil the aggression in Korea while confining hostilities to the peninsula. With those aims in view, the U.S. from the onset of fighting had soft-pedaled the Soviet Union's complicity. After shifts of the battlefield initiative from aggressor to defender and back to aggressor, the fighting had become stalemated, setting up conditions for parleying about a ceasefire. The U.S. was looking for an alternative to hostilities. The other side was using negotiation as another way of conducting hostilities. As 1952 opened, the war was a year and a half along from its onset and a half-year into the phase of misjoined negotiation. It was a particularly troubling month. The ceasefire talks took up the knottiest of all issues—terms for exchanging POWs—and the U.S. Government came face to face with its import and quietly made up its mind, after much internal dispute and at recognized risk of indefinitely prolonging hostilities, to make a sticking point of its scruples against forcible repatriation of those who had come over from the enemy. Simultaneously, the U.S. stopped pussyfooting about Soviet involvement. Four months later—in May—general impatience over the inconclusive fighting had manifestly intensified, and Mr. Truman was setting aside any aspirations he may have had for re-election.

Why the President was feeling vexed is no mystery. A key question is how to rate the substance of his fierce words. Did they relate to any action officially contemplated at the time? Loewenheim has put the question to policy insiders still alive and active—a dwindling number—and their answer is a categorical no. As one of them, Charles Burton Marshall, puts it, "I suppose almost everybody involved in decision-making tried to ease inner strain by playing at the game of what if. As made evident by these jottings, the President himself, at the apex of authority, also sought relief from reality in reverie. There is a bit of Walter Mitty in all of us. Trouble comes in trying to enact our fantasies. What is revealed here is part of the secret life of Harry Truman —no part, really, of history. Our magistrates are accountable for their actions, not their musings. Policy proceeds from decisions made in council, not by fancies in one's diary. Alas, what Mr. Truman was dreaming about was beyond capabilities at his command. To have been in position to put the issue so starkly to the other side would have been gratifying."

"But Larry, your draft card was paper. Your credit cards are air-polluting, non-biodegradable plastic."

Notes & Asides

■ TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, DEPT.

June 25

Dear Bill:

Want to thank you for the air duel scene in *Saving the Queen*. Gave us a few ideas for this week's spectacular acrobatic plane crash in India.

All regards.

Frank Carlucci
Langley Field

Needless to say this doesn't exist. Please dispose. FC

July 7

Dear Frank (I gladly reciprocate the informality):

Your note was so exhilaratingly funny, I dare not keep it, lest my amusement overwhelm my judgment. Accordingly I return it, having committed it to memory. I won't even confide it to Jim Angleton. Bill

July 28

Dear Bill:

My secretary called to tell you I am not the one who wrote the enclosed. Someone is having fun with my name.

Best regards.

Sincerely,
Frank C. Carlucci
Deputy Director
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Jim McF
Re: What some of our golfers have been up to lately

I enclose a copy of a *Wall Street Journal* piece (July 9), Exhibit A:

"We are the weekly newspaper for conservative activists," boasts editor Thomas Winter.

David Keene, a prominent conservative strategist who was George Bush's political director, calls the paper "by far the most important right-wing publication in the country. Upper-middle-class conservatives read National Review and discuss it on the golf course. The troops read Human Events."

By coincidence, a couple of weeks later the clipping service brought in a picture of one of our golfers, Exhibit B:

Reagans take it easy on flight home

Ronald and Nancy Reagan relax aboard their chartered jetliner Saturday on the return to Los Angeles from a four-day, five-state campaign trip to the East. This was Reagan's l... delega...

By further coincidence, a clip from the *New York Times*—an article, July 24, doing research work on the conversion to conservatism of our friend, the non-activist golfer, Exhibit C:

The fascinating thing about Mr. Langley's recollections is how gently the trail from Democrat to Republican is marked. It was no road to Damascus.

Some theorists make much of such details as General Electric's wide circulation of pioneer copies of National Review a...

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

You may be pleased to know that, as of this month, you have officially qualified as one of the objects of Gloria Steinem's most intimate fantasies. Witness the following paragraph from the July issue of *Ms.*, offered "for relief of pain due to injustice":

> Some feminist (pick one of your choice, preferably yourself) has just defeated (select one) the Pope, the President of the Mormon Church, the Lubevitche Rebbe, Ronald Reagan, William Buckley, Jimmy Carter, William Shockley, Lionel Tiger, Gay Talese, the Ayatollah Khomeini, or ____ in public debate. He is being laughed off the stage. The whole thing is telecast in every language by satellite.

Funny . . . with all the chance Steinem & Co. have had to air their views, they still haven't accomplished such a debacle. Could it be that militant feminism isn't really worth arguing for? Perhaps some fantasizing feminists should pick themselves to plead their case on *Firing Line*. Who knows—it just may make them aware of the distinction between fantasy and fact.

Yours fraternally,
James Elsnau
Orono, Maine

■ Re: Your *Firing Line*, "Should We Be Ruled by Plebiscite?"

Leverage rhymes with beverage.

Devera Sievers
New York, N.Y.

Dear 'dev(ə)ra—or is it 'dēv(ə)ra?

See Webster III, p. 1300, and don't go walking into dark alleys without a flashlight. Cordially,

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Current WISDOM

Welcome Home, George

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Some of you may be old enough to remember the Ripon Society. A child of the Sixties, it served as an incubator for the ideas of an oxymoronic movement called liberal Republicanism. In the manner of like groups Left and Right, the Ripon Society claimed an influence far beyond its numbers. And if a microscopic membership could be said to validate that claim, the rolls provided ringing affirmation. To those of us observing from afar, in truth, Ripon appeared to have no more than two active members—a writer named George Gilder and a mimeograph operator who worked his crankhand to the bone keeping pace with Gilder's polemical output.

In the spirit of full disclosure, it should probably be said that some of us did more than observe from afar. There was a cultural edge here, you understand. These Ripon fellows made today's clean-fingernail Republicans look like Ralph Kramden. Nothing gave us more pleasure, in fact, than lobbing an occasional egg into the men's room of the Ripon Society. We took to calling it names, including, in the immortal phrase of T. J. Wheeler, the Capon Society.

Heavenly Mailing List

And we blasted away at its position papers, each one of which seemed to cloak in bipartisanship a statist notion of Democratic origin. The tides of history were running with us and the Ripon Society soon drifted away. With the closing of the Great Society (and, as the cynics would say, with the closing of Nelson Rockefeller's checkbook), Ripon ascended to its place in that great mailing list in the sky.

For George Gilder, the honorable course was plainly evident: a note of abject apology would suffice, followed by a lifetime of silent service in a New England monastery. Alas, displaying the ornery streak for which he was by then well known, Gilder continued to write and to publish. And as he did so the Divine Plan was slowly, startlingly, made manifest. In a series of long and thoughtful books, Gilder undertook an examination of his earlier premises, found them empty and irrelevant and moved on to a sustained critique of modern liberalism. The body of work he produced through the Seventies (including a number of articles for NATIONAL REVIEW) was a major contribution to contemporary thought.

By the summer of 1980 George Gilder had traveled a long road. He had become for conservatives what he had been for liberal Republicans a decade and a half before—an idea-generator, a rhetorical scout, a leader.

One of our pleasanter chores this summer has been producing a cable-satellite television series for the Heritage Foundation, Washington's enterprising think tank. One of the programs in that series featured George Gilder confronting the redoubtable Ben Wattenberg on the topic, "Why I Am Not a Neoconservative." We can think of no better way to present the new and improved George Gilder than to record the following excerpts from his remarks on that occasion.

On neoconservatism: "I have come to believe that neoconservatism is to a great extent a strategy of evasion of the great truths and political imperatives that dwell just below the surface of neoconservative thought . . . It best resembles, if I may say so—with reference to the joke about the origins of the camel—conservatism designed by a committee."

On Moynihan: "I must regretfully say that Daniel Patrick Moynihan was a much more valuable asset for the Right at Harvard and at the United Nations than in Washington."

On Buckley: "Adding up all the writings of neoconservatives over the years—all the endlessly sophisticated writings of America's most ingenious social analysts—I discover that they constitute, in sum, after all is said and done, a body of conclusions, a distillation of wisdom and truth, rather less useful and timely than William F. Buckley's youthful insights in *God and Man at Yale*."

On neoconservative methodology: "The neoconservative believes not chiefly in principles but in empirical techniques. He believes that through study and analysis of social questions one can arrive at reliable conclusions. This approach means that the neoconservative usually cannot tell you what is wrong with social programs until they have already been entrenched and done their damage. Then the neoconservative will tell you that these programs are part of the very fabric of our political culture and cannot be repealed. What use is that?"

On the War on Poverty: "What the War on Poverty in fact achieved was to halt in its tracks an ongoing improvement in the lives of the poor—particularly poor blacks—and create a wreckage of family breakdowns and demoralization far worse than the aftermath of slavery."

Capitalism and Love

On capitalism: "Capitalist progress is based on risks that cannot be demonstrated to succeed in one lifetime. Thus it relies on faith in the future and in Providence. Capitalism depends not on greed but on giving, investment without a contracted return. The self-interest elaborated by Adam Smith leads not by an invisible hand to progress but to the dead hand of a growing welfare state. The workers under capitalism are motivated not by crude economic rewards but by love of family. The entrepreneurs succeed to the extent that they are sensitive to the needs of others, to the extent that others succeed. Altruism is the essence of the positive-sum game of capitalism."

On social issues: "Neoconservatives are afraid to fight on ERA, abortion, sex education, pornography, school prayer, and gay liberation. Once again, as in the case of poverty, they underrate the importance of stable families and moral values to a productive and creative society."

George, you're forgiven. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caribbean Rot

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

POLITICAL INFECTIONS are like cancer: they creep on unnoticed, appearing here and there, then multiplying and gathering speed until deemed incurable or terminal. In both cases, surgery can work, but only if used in time.

The political infection in the Caribbean area, including the Central American mainland as well as the islands, is well beyond the creeping stage. It is hard to say whether the incurable stage has been reached. One of the most encouraging aspects of a Reagan Administration is the prospect that he would "do something" about the area, and indeed about Latin America as a whole.

A visit to San Juan, Puerto Rico the other day concentrated my mind wonderfully on the galloping infection, which it would be quite wrong to attribute to neglect in Washington when what has been happening has been active encouragement of the germs.

The Nicaragua Model

But then, what else could be expected of an Administration which appointed, as assistant to Andrew Young at the UN, Brady Tyson, the man who publicly apologized for the American role in Vietnam, and a founding member of the pro-Castro North American Congress on Latin America? Or in which the State Department's Policy Planning Department was headed by Anthony Lake, an associate of the International Institute for Strategic Studies of the Council on Foreign Relations?

Nicaragua is not a bad starting point. Now that the Sandinista government is a year old and its political complexion has become clearly visible to the naked eye, there is wry amusement in recalling how often we were told that the Sandinista were a broad-minded lot and it was by no means certain that the Castro-oriented Marxists would come out on top. In fact, as my compatriot and colleague Robert Moss pointed out in his London column before the fall of Somoza, the guerrilla war of the Sandinista was conducted from Havana (itself controlled from Moscow). In my experience, Communists do not go to such trouble without, in the end, claiming the dividends on their investment.

The pay-off came earlier this year, when the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional sent a delegation to Moscow where it swiftly concluded a number of deals, not only on a government-to-government basis but also on a party-to-party basis, with the Soviet Communist Party (CPSU). In the Communist world, party-to-party agreements imply ideological approval and are thus intrinsically more important than government-to-government deals.

About the time the Sandinista were coming home, the State Department was figuring out a way to help their government financially—that is, to get around the ban on U.S. aid to Nicaragua enacted when Somoza was still in place. The solution, with White House approval, was to divert $15 million to Nicaragua from general aid funds approved by Congress.

The worrying thing is that, for the best of "human rights" motives, the Administration may end up delivering the governments of Guatemala and El Salvador to the Marxists, despite the example of Nicaragua.

On the eve of his departure, Secretary of State Vance was telling visitors that the American ambassador to El Salvador, Mr. Robert E. White, a strong interventionist, was doing exactly what was needed to help reduce inequality in the country. Some weeks ago, Mr. White, in a speech before the San Salvador American Chamber of Commerce, accused the businessmen of financing "hit squads" to eliminate their political opponents. Such charges are music in the ears of leftist guerrillas.

Mr. Vance was saying at that time that the government of Guatemala was very "regressive" and that social inequality had created an explosive situation.

The "social justice" and "human rights" approach to international relations so often, alas, produces worse social injustice and a deeper denial of human rights. The condition of Cuba today—bankrupt, a tool of Soviet imperialism, disgorging its unwanted citizenry—is a lasting monument to the kind of policy that delivers the helpless masses from the frying pan to the fire.

It is not necessary to praise Somoza's record in social terms to point out that the advent of another Cuba is not the ideal solution. Similarly, it would be hard to argue that either social justice or a betterment of human rights has been achieved in Iran with the downfall (and now the death) of the Shah.

Revolutionary Rumblings

And still the infection spreads. In comparison with most of its neighbors, Costa Rica is (was) both stable and enlightened. Now it harbors a growing Communist infiltration, directly traceable to the Sandinista take-over in Nicaragua.

There is a growing Soviet presence in Panama and ever closer links with Castro. There are revolutionary grumblings in Haiti; in the Dominican Republic (the other half of Hispaniola island), the Communist leader, Isa Conde, is having some success in identifying the Church's calls for land reform with Marxism. Marxist Jamaica, too, like Castro's Cuba, is spewing forth refugees from oppression, unemployment, and a massive dose of socialism.

Puerto Rico, an American oasis in the surrounding Caribbean desert, has its terrorist problem (the Armed Forces of National Liberation), and I was fascinated to read lately in London's Communist *Morning Star* about "the terror and hopes of Puerto Rico." The headline was: "Island under siege for U.S. elections." That was not the way it struck me when I was there; but then, I am not part of the propaganda apparatus of what James Burnham called the "world Communist enterprise."

I don't think President Carter or Secretary of State Muskie is going to do anything about all this. What I do hope is that President Reagan will lose no time in formally denouncing the solemn commitment made by President Kennedy to Nikita Khrushchev at the time of the 1962 missile crisis to desist forevermore from attempting to overthrow Fidel Castro. That, at least, would be a start. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONVENTION '80

There have been more joyous occasions than the Democrats' Convention '80. Their candidates, after all, have a record to run on, and some of the Convention's orators couldn't resist reminding them of it

Last Round in the Garden

RICHARD BROOKHISER

New York City went all out for its fourth Democratic National Convention. A radio and stereo store on West 57th Street stocked up on cassettes of Ronald Reagan movies; the Reverend Howard Moody of Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village rented a van, furnished with carpets, paintings, and refreshments, to offer bawds a "sanctuary" from police harassment; cabbies received stern warnings to abide by the prices on their meters (one intrepid driver was caught charging $132 for an $8 ride from Central Park to Brooklyn; rumors have it he has since been recruited by the Department of Health and Human Services); and Seventh Avenue was the scene of a peaceful pre-Convention parade of ten thousand leftists, including Citizens' Party candidate Barry Commoner, the PLO observer at the United Nations, and several animal liberationists. It could have been worse—eight years ago, they would have been delegates. If it did nothing else, McGovernism has at least taught the Democrats the importance of social graces.

Some months ago, one of *NR*'s political writers turned up his nose at the architecture of Queens. Yet even Queens can have few structures as ugly as Madison Square Garden; and Queens, to its vast credit, never destroyed buildings as beautiful as the old Pennsylvania Station in order to erect them. The present Garden (it is ten blocks away from Madison Square) squats on its block like an oversized gun turret. The façades of the surrounding buildings echo the pillars of the vanished train station. A quonset hut on the Acropolis would fit in equally well.

Fortunately for them, the Democrats did not have to see much of the ugliness, for they were conducting their business inside, in that tract of America known as Conventionland. The local deities of this region (at least, they enjoyed the trappings of divinity) were the members of the press. The upper tiers of the Garden, and several of the outbuildings, were reserved for them. Their long white trailers hugged the Garden walls; the Felt Forum, a smaller auditorium clinging to the main hall like a barnacle, was subdivided into command posts and work rooms. Bewildered godlings could consult maps directing them to their particular shrines. On the floor, the television newsmen roamed about wearing earphones and insect antennae, trailed by bearers lugging cameras. Larger cameras took aim from the balconies, or from a four-story pile of scaffolding smack in the center of the hall. The print reporters congregated a notch higher, wedged behind plywood counters where they could rest typewriters, telephones, binoculars, and small rented televisions in case they wanted to see what was *really* going on.

Highest of all, higher it seemed even than the crepuscular white smoke that drifted up from the floor, the tiny backs of the network anchormen showed from their huge glass booths. You could not avoid seeing them; often you saw them twice. Whenever John Chancellor stepped onto his booth's balcony to interview some smiling pol, you could peer at him in the flesh, or examine him, simultaneously and much more clearly, on the screen. CBS and ABC had no balconies, but their anchormen in compensation were attended by little gnomes handing up papers from beneath the tables ("Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!").

Meanwhile, on the floor, the delegates did what delegates are supposed to do —blow horns, wave signs, and wear funny hats. (The definitive pro-funny-hat argument was enounced four years ago when *The Economist* remarked that, however vulgarly Americans carried on, their political spectacles were probably a better social symptom "than the more mature demonstrations of the recent European past.") It's a good thing the delegates to this Convention had these innocent diversions, for there was less drama than everyone was expecting. Though Kennedy did not pull out until late Monday night, it was clear during the crucial rules debate that his side was only going through the motions. The Kennedy supporters cheered Joan Kennedy's arrival, and punctuated the speeches of their enemies with boos that sounded like the booming of loons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across a lake at night; they seemed ready, had the signal been given, to erupt in an orgy of partisanship to match those of the Republican factions in Kansas City four years ago. But no signal came. The debate, planned to last one hour, ran according to schedule.

At stake was a proposed rule requiring delegates to be bound by the results of the primaries and caucuses which chose them. It was of course the final consummation of the campaign reforms so zealously sought by the party's liberals, and the Carterites insisted righteously on enjoying the spoils of success at the polling booth. In the heat of the moment, Senator Ribicoff even declared "we can't take from a man what he has rightfully won"—an outburst that challenged fifty years of Democratic social policy, but never mind. Supporters of the "open" (that is, brokered) convention were forced into equally contorted postures. By binding the delegates, warned Governor Carey, the Democrats would be forsaking a "tradition of 150 years," and somewhere in Heaven Burke smiled on his newest disciple. Senator McGovern challenged the rule on the grounds that it wasn't democratic enough—delegates committed to a previous decision could not carry out the "*present* convictions of the people." He did not say whether, moved by his own present conviction, he would now retract his vote against allowing the states the same privilege with regard to ERA.

Defensiveness and incoherence dominated the proceedings generally. Congressman Udall, attacking the Kemp-Roth tax cut in the keynote address, referred approvingly to the "great old GOP speeches" of the past: "you can't spend yourself rich, money doesn't grow on trees. . . . And now," the scandalized Arizonan exclaimed, "they meet in Detroit and tell us there is such a thing as a free lunch." Senator Moynihan, who should (and indeed does) know better, warned that "the Soviet Empire has entered a new period of expansion," yet assured the Convention that all was well because the Administration had increased defense spending over the last four years, despite the 1976 platform. In fact, the platform had been more honored than Moynihan let on; though the military budget has risen slightly in real terms, it has remained almost constant as a percentage of the total budget and of the GNP. These were the accents of panic, and they well became an Administration which, only two years before the *Anschluss* of Afghanistan, was announcing its redemption from an inordinate fear of Communism, and a congressional machine which, after two and a half decades of plowing the economy under and sowing it with salt, now chatters about a balanced budget that is not balanced and describes a proposal to allow Americans to keep more of their paychecks as a "free lunch."

A few of the Democrats kept their heads. One was the Convention's host, Mayor Edward Koch. Koch looks like the koala in the Qantas ads, and he speaks with an accent thick enough to spread on a bagel. But his greeting to the delegates was a little gem. If the Democrats had an ounce of imagination, they would have run him for President, though this might have proved awkward since Koch achieved his rhetorical success by thumbing his nose at his party's ethos and record. He warmed up with an anecdote about a campaign speech he had given to two hundred senior citizens in the Bronx three years ago. A judge he had helped elect had just been mugged, Koch said then, but had promised not to let the mugging affect his decisions. "Then mug him again!" one of the senior citizens cried. "We've got to stand up to those who are mugging our cities," Koch went on, drawing an acceptable sentiment out of law and order even as theologians tease orthodoxy out of the Song of Songs. Yet the illustration overpowered the moral. Then, as if that wasn't enough of an affront to the prevailing pieties: "We cannot allow our nation to be held hostage to the mad ambitions of the Ayatollah Khomeini. We cannot allow Iranians who call themselves students to trample on our hospitality and violate our laws. Enough is enough. I say ship them back to Iran." And if the President who has done nothing for a year and a half to frustrate Khomeini's mad ambitions didn't like it, too bad. The usual relations between the White House and Gracie Mansion have been canceled by Carter's political impotence. The President needs New York; the Mayor doesn't need the President. In such conditions, a feisty temperament has liberty to exercise itself. "Enjoy New York, and have a great convention," Koch concluded.

Another well-spoken Democrat was Edward Kennedy, wrapping up the debate on the minority reports on the economic planks of the platform. He had come to New York over the weekend,

In the heat of the moment, Senator Ribicoff even declared 'we can't take from a man what he has rightfully won'—an outburst that challenged fifty years of Democratic social policy, but never mind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get This Terrific Tape Recording FREE

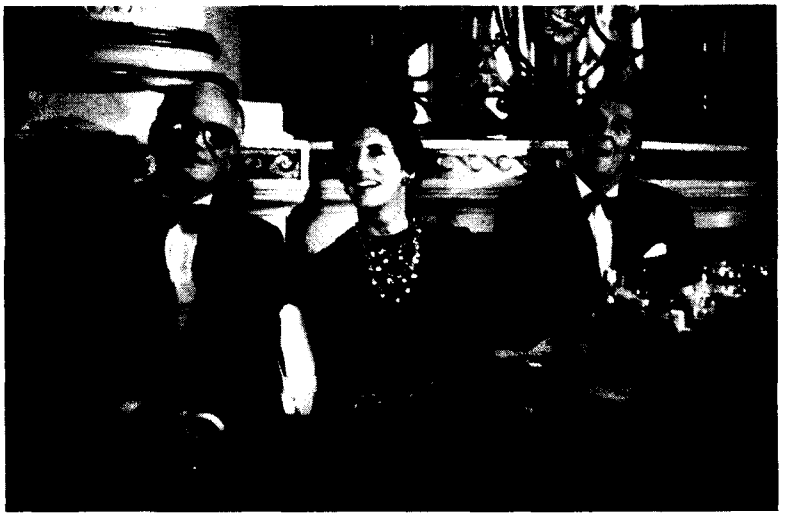
FINAL OFFER!

(You'll never forgive yourself if you miss out on this one)

This tape is simply too good to miss. You won't find its equal anywhere. When was the last time you got to hear Ronald Reagan, Bill Buckley, Barry Goldwater, William Rusher, James J. Kilpatrick (and more) in top form and on the same recording? And as if that weren't enough, there is also a dazzling comedy routine by Master of Ceremonies David Frye that will leave you limp with laughter (his impressions of Bill Buckley and the other headliners are classics). From start to finish you'll love it. Play it for your family and friends (and watch the reaction!).

Now you can get it FREE

Best of all, we're able to offer this amazing tape as a FREE bonus. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* for a full year, or extend your present subscription for another 26 big issues, and the tape recording is yours, FREE and postpaid. The cost to you for a one-year subscription to NR is just $24. That's all you pay. Period. We'll immediately send you this fabulous original tape recording (comes in high-quality, 90-minute cassette) which is bound to delight anyone you play it for. And, incidentally, you couldn't pick a better time to make sure you don't miss a single upcoming issue. So much is happening so fast in this vital election campaign you'll need NR to help you keep up with it all. Only a limited number of these 20th Anniversary tape recordings remain, so don't wait until it's too late. Use the card opposite this page today.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greeted at the Waldorf-Astoria with Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." (What do middle-class senators get—a reading from *The Beggar's Opera*?) He had pulled out late the night before, but the Carter team had agreed to give him this chance to please his supporters and push his planks on prime time.

It wasn't a particularly accurate speech. He identified purebred economic liberalism as "the cause that brought me into the campaign," which was true only if his Georgetown speech, delivered three months after announcing, was the start of his candidacy. He also laughed at Ronald Reagan: for claiming that Karl Marx fathered the progressive income tax, and for saying that "Fascism was really the basis of the New Deal." ("In the most advanced countries the following will be pretty generally applicable: . . . a heavy progressive or graduated income tax"—K. Marx and F. Engels, *Manifesto of the Communist Party*. "In 1934 the newly established National Planning Board devoted a good deal of attention to the example of planning provided by these four countries: Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan"—F. Hayek, *The Road to Serfdom*.) But it was close to a perfect speech. If a good speech is a stemwinder, then Kennedy's was a quartz crystal digital. It was a seamless blend of gracious personal farewells, eloquent word pictures of the plight of the poor and unemployed, and—Mo Udall must have been out getting a hot dog—recipes for free lunches. "Let us pledge that there will be security for all who are now at work. And let us pledge that there will be jobs for all who are out of work. These are not simplistic pledges." Most important, Kennedy attacked Reagan confidently, not as an economic radical, but as a fool. (A little knowledge of Marx, we have seen, would have helped on that one; but then, if the Democrats had had a little knowledge of Marx, they might never have signed the Yalta agreement.) The delegates went berserk. A few speeches like that in Iowa, and Kennedy might have spoken on Thursday rather than Tuesday. Carter, who had without any shame already promised so much, then promised almost everything else. The man who had been calling for an open convention of free delegates agreed with the President that all the minority reports, except the one requiring wage-price controls, should be passed; and Tip O'Neill heard all the right answers on the voice votes. So Senator Kennedy fell in behind the President in return for a platform which Carter does not support and has no intention of following.

Carter has Kennedy behind him; he seems to have Billy behind him in another sense. His personal nullity is an asset: it gives him the ability to shuck off problems almost as fast as he gets into them

The Republicans still seem favorites to win. This does not mean they will necessarily win in anything like a landslide. Carter has Kennedy behind him; he seems to have Billy behind him in another sense. His personal nullity is an asset: it gives him the ability to shuck off problems almost as fast as he gets into them. "Don't blame me for what goes on in the White House, I just live there." He is also, on top of everything, a ruthless campaigner. Ham and Jody probably think the Marquis of Queensberry is a sign on Christopher Street. The Democratic leadership will rally, however glumly, and the media will do its bit, if only to make things exciting. Given a few well-publicized gaffes by Reagan, and some engineered breakthroughs—in the Middle East or the economy or both—I predict Carter should carry about 19 states: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, and West Virginia. Add the District of Columbia for 251 votes. Reagan will win everything else for 286 votes. If it is, after all, the replay of 1932 that some are now predicting, move Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, New York, and Tennessee into Reagan's column. If the worst befalls—if Reagan's staff manages the campaign like they managed the Ford negotiations *and* if Reagan makes not only trivial slips but gross blunders *and* if he fails to focus attention on the grosser bankruptcy and exhaustion of the Democratic Party—give Carter Connecticut, Illinois, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Wisconsin (and give the Soviet Union Guatemala and Morocco). In no case do I expect John Anderson to come close in any state except Massachusetts.

And if these predictions are as wrong as they are likely to be, next time I'll keep my mouth shut. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIGNETTES OF RUSSIAN STRATEGY

Moscow's Outward Thrust

NORMAN B. HANNAH

STUNNED BY THE Russian invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter frankly told us that "Nothing in the past three years of my term of office has so changed my view of Soviet intentions." Since it is therefore evident that Mr. Carter's advisors have not served him well, we offer a suggestive series of quotes and vignettes from Russian history in Central Asia. Since the day of Peter the Great, Russian leaders—czars and commissars—have relentlessly pushed their frontiers and spheres of influence south, west, and east. The quotes below are illustrated more graphically by the map on the following pages.

1725—*Czar Peter the Great:* "To approach as near as possible to Constantinople and India. Whoever governs there will be the true sovereign of the world. Consequently, excite continual wars, not only in Turkey, but in Persia . . . Establish dockyards on the Black Sea, seize little pieces near this sea . . . And in the decadence of Persia, penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf."
(Paragraph IX from his supposed political testament)

1864—*Prince Gorshakov, Russian Chancellor:* ". . . The position of Russia in Central Asia is that of all civilized states which come into contact with half-savage, wandering tribes possessing no fixed social organization . . . If we content ourselves with chastising the free-booters and then retire, the lesson is soon forgotten. Retreat is ascribed to weakness . . . The state then finds itself on the horns of a dilemma. It must abandon the struggle and deliver its frontier over to disorder . . . or it must plunge into the depths of savage countries . . . [therefore] the line of forts should be placed in a fertile country . . . to facilitate colonization . . . [and] to escape the danger of being drawn on from repression to reprisals which might end in limitless expansion of our empire . . ."
(Memorandum to European powers explaining Russia's advance in Asia)

1907—Russia signed an Anglo-Russian Convention which recognized the neutrality of Tibet and Afghanistan and delineated Russian-British spheres of interest in Iran.

1918—*K. Troyanovsky*, Soviet publicist: "If Persia is the door through which one has to go in order to invade the citadel of the Revolution of the Orient, that is to say, India, we must foment the Persian Revolution . . . India is our principal objective. Persia is the only path open to India . . . For the success of the Oriental Revolution Persia is the first nation that must be conquered by the Soviets. This precious key to the uprising of the Orient must be in the hands of Bolshevism, cost what it may . . . Persia must be ours; Persia must belong to the Revolution."
(Vostok i Revolutsia)

1920—*Mirza Kuchik Khan*, leader of the short-lived Persian Soviet Socialist Republic in the Iranian Caspian province of Gilan: ". . . Now is fulfilled the long-expected and happy act of the formation of the Persian Soviet Socialist Republic, which we proclaim before the world . . ."
(Telegram to Lenin)

1921—*Treaty of Friendship between USSR and Iran:* In a clause which Russia has refused to terminate in spite of Iran's request, it is provided that "Russia shall have the right to advance her troops into the Persian interior for the purpose of carrying out military operations necessary for its defense," if at any time Russia should claim to be threatened by a third power through Iran.

1922—*V. I. Lenin:* "The road from Moscow to Paris and London leads through Peking and Africa."

1940—*Vyacheslav Molotov*, Foreign Minister of USSR: "The Soviet Union declares that its territorial aspirations center south of the national territory of the Soviet Union in the direction of the Indian Ocean."
(Written protocol to the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939)

1942—*Treaty between the Soviet Union, Iran, and Great Britain:* "The forces of the Allied Powers shall be withdrawn from Iranian territory not later than six months after all hostilities [have ended] between the Allied Powers and Germany and her associates."

1946—*May:* Twelve months after the end of hostilities with Germany, the USSR finally withdrew its forces from northern Iran, but only under great pressure from the U.S., UK, and UN, and then only after creating two puppet separatist regimes in Azerbaijan and Kurdistan.

December: Collapse of both puppet regimes.

1955—*Kabul, Afghanistan:* Following an agreement with Khrushchev and Bulganin, the streets of Kabul were paved and the USSR began providing military aid to Afghanistan.

1978—*April:* Communists and Russian-trained Afghan officers overthrew the Afghan government, killing its leaders.

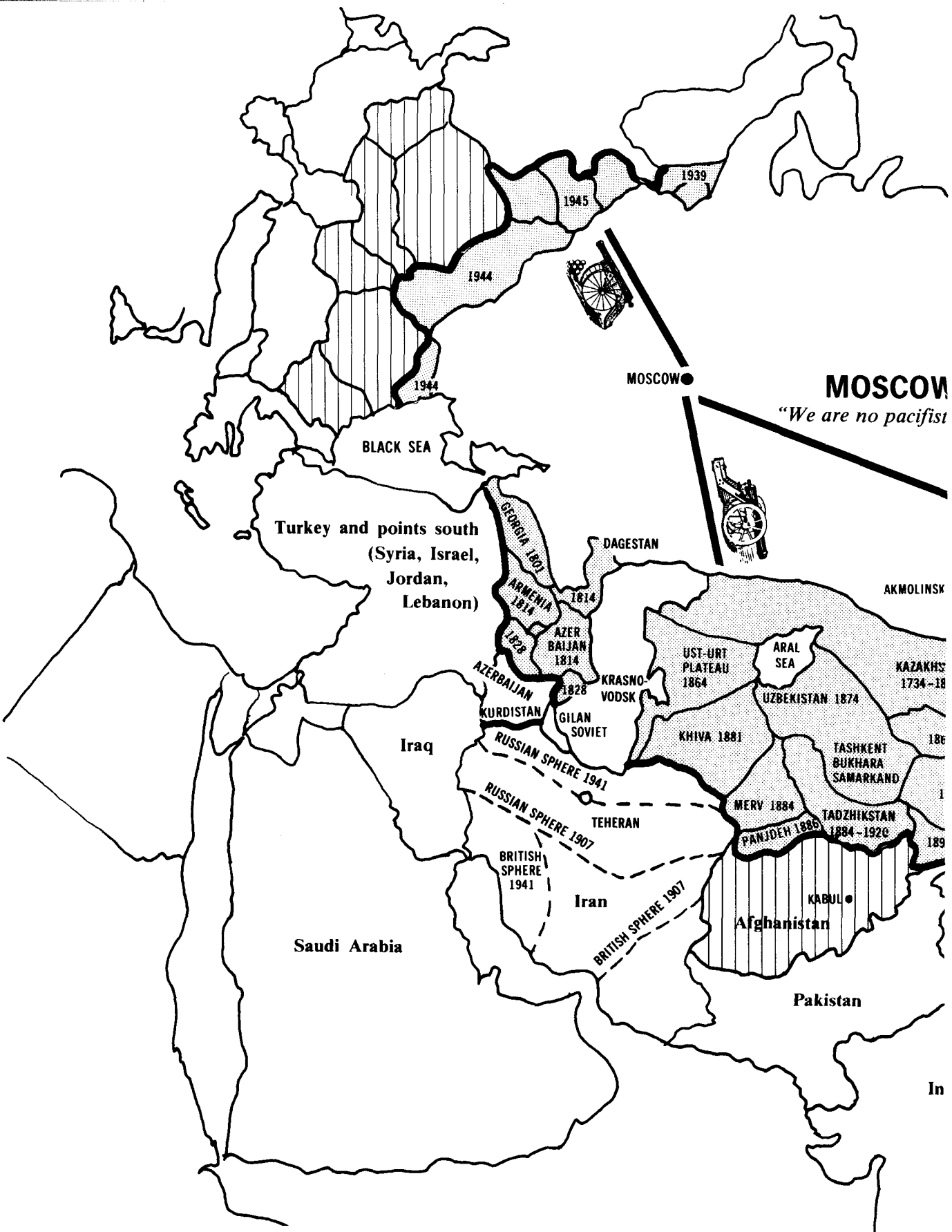
September: Receiving the new Communist President of Afghanistan, Nur Mohammad Taraki, at dinner in Moscow, President Brezhnev toasted "the new, qualitatively different relation between our two countries." The Afghan president proclaimed that the Afghan Revolution was "a continuation of the Soviet Revolution."

1979—*December:* Following the invasion of Afghanistan by Soviet forces, the new puppet president announced that Russian forces had come "to protect the Afghan Revolution."

1980—*Boris N. Ponomarev*, Communist theoretician, extended the Brezhnev Doctrine of the irreversibility of Communism in Eastern Europe to include Afghanistan: "Sympathy with fighters for true freedom is natural for Marxists, Leninists, and internationalists . . . Where such forces exist and are struggling they have the right to depend on our solidarity and support." □

Mr. Hannah is a former Foreign Service Officer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

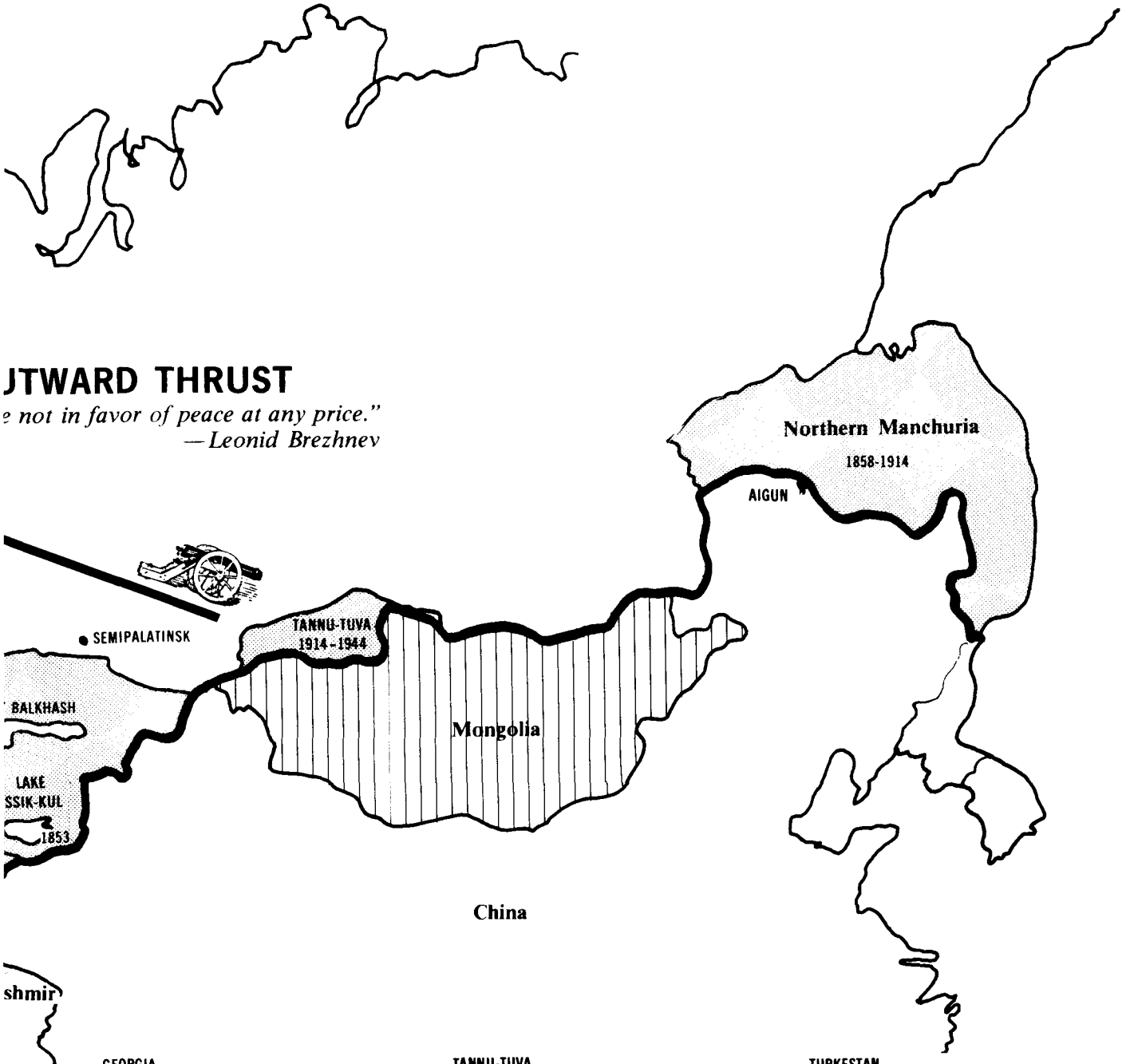


Satellites (1944-79): Eastern Europe, Afghanistan, Mongolia

Annexations (1801-1945)

(This map is a conical projection of the Soviet Union and surrounding areas.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JTWARD THRUST

e not in favor of peace at any price."
—Leonid Brezhnev

GEORGIA
- **1783** — Autonomy guaranteed by Russia
- **1801** — Russian annexation
- **1918** — Independence declared
- **1921** — Invaded by Stalin; Soviet annexation

ARMENIA
- **1828** — Persia cedes Erevan to Russia (later Turks)
- **1918** — Independence declared
- **1921** — Soviet annexation

SOVIET AZERBAIJAN
- **1814** — Dagestan to Russia
- **1828** — Azerbaijan to Russia
- **1918** — Independence declared
- **1920** — Soviet invasion & annexation

KAZAKHSTAN
- **1830** — Akmolinsk founded as fortress by Russians
- **1853** — Lake Issik-kul seized
- **1864** — Russian line of advance: Aral Sea—Issik-kul—China
- **1917** — Kazakh nationalist government
- **1920** — Kazakh Soviet Republic
- **1923** — Basmachi revolt quelled by USSR

TADZHIKSTAN
- **1884** — Annexed by Russia
- **1896** — Border set by UK-USSR treaty
- **1917** — Basmachi revolt quelled by Russia

TANNU-TUVA
- **Until 1911** — Part of China
- **1911** — Russian-fomented revolt
- **1914** — Russian protectorate
- **1921** — Independence declared
- **1944** — Annexed by USSR

NORTHERN MANCHURIA
- **1858** — Taken from China by the Treaty of Aigun

AFGHANISTAN
- **1907** — Neutralized by UK-USSR treaty
- **1919** — UK returns foreign relations to Kabul
- **1948** — UK withdraws from subcontinent
- **1955** — Soviet military assistance started
- **Apr. 1968** — Communist coup by conspiracy of Soviet-trained officers & civilians
- **1978-79** — Puppet regime unable to suppress popular resistance
- **Dec. 1979** — USSR invades. Afghan president killed & new puppet imported from Prague

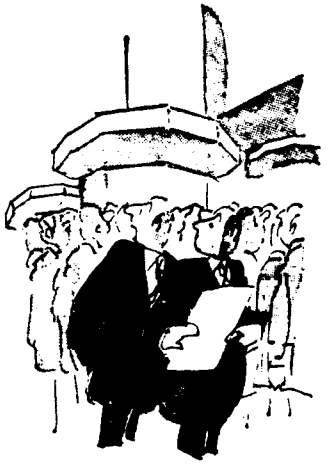
UZBEKISTAN
- **1865** — Tashkent seized
- **1868** — Samarkand seized
- **1869** — Bukhara vassalized
- **1917-23** — Basmachi revolt quelled

TURKESTAN
- **1839** — Russian invasion failed
- **1841** — Khiva-Russian alliance
- **1869** — Russians occupy Krasnovodsk
- **1873** — Reduced to vassalage
- **1864-81** — Russian annexation
- **1886** — Panjdeh seized from Afghanistan
- **1917-23** — Basmachi revolt quelled

IRAN, AZERBAIJAN, & GILAN
- **1920** — Persian Soviet Socialist Republic with Soviet support
- **1941** — Soviet occupation under treaty with UK
- **1945-46** — USSR creates puppet Azerbaijan & Kurdish Republics
- **Dec. 1946** — Both puppets crumble as Iran Army approaches

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help!!!!



Holland Rothco

"Market raiders at three o'clock!"

Those Feminist Frogs

You'll be surprised to learn the male
Is not run ragged chasing tail;
Instead, in swamp and bog, the bull
Inflates himself until he's full,
Exhaling with a dreadful croak—
Which draws the ladies. That's no joke.
Once drawn, the fems will paddle by,
Observing from a bulbous eye
The quality of pad and weed
Each male's assembled for her need.
She does the choosing; he just sits.
Although he has his input, it's
So minor, really, in the bog,
One wonders why he's all agog.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This is a neighborhood restaurant. Have you proof of address?"

MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LIBERALS
ADLAI STEVENSON READING ROOM
REELECT CARTER-MONDALE
SAVE THE WHALES
I'D RATHER BE EATING BRAN MUFFINS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE H. NASH

Mr. Hoover's Nation

OBSERVING THE life and career of the incumbent President, one's mind wanders back fifty years . . .

What do you think about when you hear the name Herbert Hoover? First of all, of the Great Depression of the 1930s, but perhaps also of his Quaker upbringing and his enormous humanitarian relief work in Europe during and after World War I. (Four years ago, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn remarked that the American Relief Administration under Herbert Hoover's direction saved the lives of literally millions of Russians during the great famine of 1921-23.) Hoover was the first President born west of the Mississippi River, and he appeared in the first public demonstration of television, in 1927.

When Herbert Hoover died 16 years ago, he had lived ninety extraordinarily productive years—including a full fifty in public service. Few Americans have had careers as multifaceted and remarkable as his.

What is significant about his life? Hoover did not simply lead a career rich in accomplishment; he reflected on the circumstances which made such a career possible. He developed and in his time came to personify a perception of America, a vision of America, a political and social philosophy which could explain the greatness of the country he loved. It is in this vision and this philosophy that we can discover some of the enduring significance of Herbert Hoover.

He was born in West Branch, Iowa in 1874—the son of the village blacksmith. Before he was seven his father had died. His mother, a recorded minister in the Society of Friends, died a little over three years later, so that in early 1884, before he was ten, young Herbert was an orphan.

Despite these traumas, Hoover's later reminiscences of his Iowa childhood were gentle, almost idyllic. In the most famous of these recollections he began:

> I prefer to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy—and the eyes of all ten-year-old Iowa boys are or should be filled with the wonders of Iowa's streams and woods, of the mystery of growing crops.

Of his native state he declared: "The good Lord originally made it the richest stretch of agricultural land that ever blessed any one sovereign government. It was populated by the more adventurous and the more courageous, who fought their way along the ever-extending frontier."

From Iowa in 1885 young Herbert Hoover was sent out west to Oregon to live with the family of an uncle. In 1891 he went down to California to become a member of the entering class at newly founded Stanford University. After graduating in 1895, Hoover spent some time working in California and the Southwest until, in early 1897, opportunity beckoned half a world away, in the gold mines of Western Australia.

Hoover's journey to Australia in 1897, via Europe, the Suez Canal, and India, must have been an intensely stimulating one to a young man of 22. Years later, reflecting on this voyage, he remarked significantly, "History became a reality and America a contrast." It was Hoover's first exposure to the world outside the United States, and in his responses to that world we find one of the sources of his later social philosophy.

Mr. Nash, a contributor to NR, *is preparing a multi-volume scholarly biography of Herbert Hoover. This project has been commissioned by the Hoover Presidential Library Association.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOES ALL THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION *HOOPLA* MAKE *YOU* YEARN TO DO SOMETHING *EXTRA* TO INFLUENCE SOMEBODY?

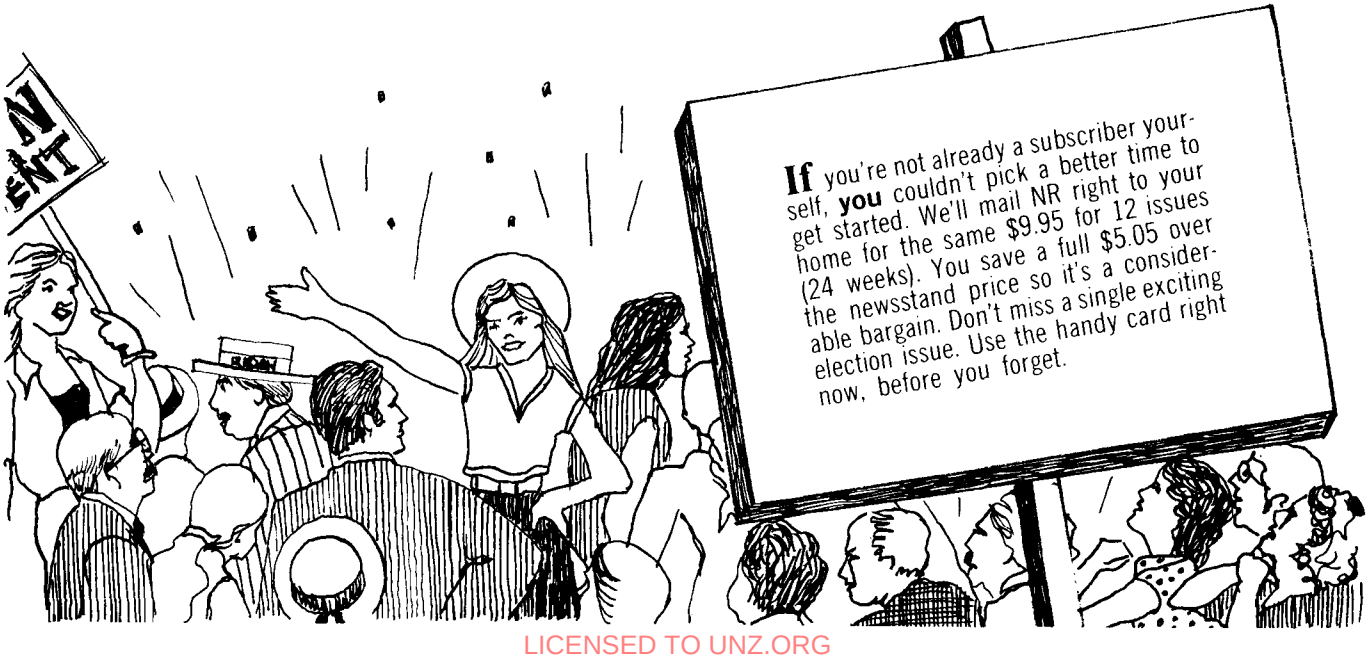
OK — give *National Review* to somebody *you* know. Honest, we know *thousands* of people who have *appreciated* being introduced to NR, especially in a hot political campaign. And, with the election of our lifetime going on right now, you couldn't pick a better time to do some friend that kind of favor.

It's easy, too. All the polls show Americans nationwide are now *much* more favorably disposed to the conservative viewpoint. But it still takes a nudge (like NR) to complete the "process." So pick someone you know who thinks pretty much as you do about the problems we face today, someone who *should* be interested in what NR has to say (we bet he's going to like the way NR *says* it too!).

Now is the best *possible* time to do it. No other magazine will be more interesting in the historic months just ahead. When political battles are hottest, NR is at its very best, providing that "other" point of view, a special kind of election coverage — the kind of reporting that makes it one of the most quoted magazines in America.

So take a moment now to introduce someone you know to *National Review* today. You can do it for as little as $9.95. We'll send the next 12 big issues (24 weeks), hot off the press, to whomever you name, and you'll have the satisfaction of having started someone off in the "right" direction. Act now, there's no time to waste. Use the handy card opposite this page.

P.S. If you would like to introduce someone to NR but can't think of an appropriate candidate at the moment just print the word "GIFT" in block letters where your recipient's name would ordinarily be. We'll see that an introductory subscription in your name is given to some student or other "deserving" person who *should* be getting it.


If you're not already a subscriber yourself, you couldn't pick a better time to get started. We'll mail NR right to your home for the same $9.95 for 12 issues (24 weeks). You save a full $5.05 over the newsstand price so it's a considerable bargain. Don't miss a single exciting election issue. Use the handy card right now, before you forget.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Hoover disembarked on the coast of Australia that year, he headed inland nearly four hundred miles to the mining towns of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, deep in the inhospitable "outback." Hoover's descriptions of life in this desolate land were vivid. "It's a country of red dust, black flies, and white heat," he wrote to an American friend. "I could not portray the misery of any one of them on paper. The country is an endless desert, no water, no nothing but mines." It was a land to make one think of home. Writing to a friend in 1897, Hoover declared: "Am on my way back to Coolgardie. Am glad to get back within the borders of civilization. . . . Anybody who envies me my salary can just take my next trip with me, and he will then be contented to be a bank clerk at $3 a week for the rest of his life, just to live in the United States."

In late 1898 Hoover left Australia for a new and more responsible mining position in China. Once more Herbert Hoover, not yet 25 years old, found himself living among strangers and encountering a foreign civilization.

At this point we can detect one of the threads of Herbert Hoover's early life. From the cornfields of Iowa to the orchards of Oregon, to the spacious acres of Stanford University, to the rugged Sierra Nevadas, to the dusty goldfields of Australia, even to the coal mines of northern China, a pattern emerges: Herbert Hoover's early days were spent on or near frontiers. His was largely an outdoor life, lived in environments which rewarded initiative, industry, resourcefulness, and merit. Since the day when Hoover's ancestor, Andreas Huber, landed in Philadelphia from the Old World in 1738, the Hoover clan had moved gradually westward until, with Herbert, the trek circled the globe. Benjamin Franklin is supposed to have said that America is a country where we ask of a man not "Who is he?" but "What can he do?" Hoover's was a society populated substantially by people who held this attitude and who had moved away from a constricted and stratified civilization.

On a trip a British woman asked him what his profession was. Engineer, he said. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'I thought you were a gentleman!'

In late 1901 Hoover left China for England and a partnership in an eminent firm of mining engineers. Until World War I, London was his base of operations while he traveled continually, inspecting, financing, and developing mines from Burma to Australia, from South Africa to Siberia. Some Americans under such circumstances might have become expatriates. For Herbert Hoover, if anything the opposite was true. Throughout these years, his thoughts turned often toward his native land. As early as 1907 he expressed to the president of Stanford University his longings to retire from his profession and to turn to a life of service in the United States.

And all the while, Hoover was observing, analyzing, and evaluating the social systems of the Old World and the New. Long voyages at sea gave him an opportunity to read about the politics, economics, and culture of countries all over the earth. On one of these ocean trips, a British woman asked him what his profession was. An engineer, he said. "Why," she exclaimed, "I thought you were a gentleman!" This anecdote, which Hoover recounts in his *Memoirs*, epitomizes, I think, his distaste for the class consciousness and social rigidities of Europe. From all of this he turned. In a revealing letter written to an American friend in 1912 Hoover observed:

> The American is always an alien abroad. He never can assimilate, nor do other peoples ever accept him otherwise than as a foreigner. His own heart is in his own country, and yet there is less and less of a niche for him when he returns. . . . I am disgusted with myself when I think how much better off you people are who stuck by your own country and place. When you walk down the street you meet a hundred men who have a genuine pleasure in greeting you. I am an alien who gets a grin once in nine months.

Two years later, the conflagration of World War I changed the course of Herbert Hoover's life. While huge European armies bogged down in the trenches, Herbert Hoover, working without pay, directed the Commission for Relief in Belgium, a neutral organization which procured and distributed food to the civilian population, caught between the German army of occupation and the British naval blockade. It was a noble undertaking which ultimately brought food to ten million people a day and which catapulted Hoover to worldwide fame as a humanitarian.

But behind the uplifting routine of providing daily food to needy Belgians lay a depressing world of conspiracy, national rivalry, and festering intrigue. Many times, weary from incessant conflicts with one or another belligerent power, Hoover contemplated and even threatened resignation. He did not quit, but his prolonged exposure to the emotions of war and the ancient antagonisms of Europe was a disillusioning encounter.

In 1917 Hoover sailed back to America to direct our wartime Food Administration. But within two years he returned once more, this time to feed Europe while President Woodrow Wilson strove to draft a peace treaty at Versailles. From November 1918 to September 1919 Herbert Hoover crisscrossed Europe as Director-General of the American Relief Administration, organizing the supply of food for starving millions and facilitating the emergence of stable economies. The grim alternative was chaos, famine, a new generation of embittered Europeans, and the possibility of Communist revolution over much of the continent.

But if Hoover could take comfort from his outstanding humanitarian accomplishment in postwar Europe, there was much that he saw which profoundly alarmed him and helped to determine his future political thought. The New World, he came to believe, was remote from the imperialism, fanatic ideologies, racial antipathies, dictatorships, power politics, and class stratification of Europe. As he later expressed it in his *Memoirs*, "the forces which lay behind the rejection of American ideas at Paris in 1919 were far deeper than the intrigues of diplomacy or the foibles of European statesmen. Here was the collision of civilizations that had grown three hundred years apart."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1921 Hoover became Secretary of Commerce of the United States; in 1929 he became President. Of the 38 men who have occupied the Oval Office, Herbert Hoover undoubtedly enjoyed more extensive acquaintance with foreign peoples and their social systems than any of his predecessors or successors. In another respect, too, he was unusual: he attempted to distill from his unique experiences a coherent understanding of the American experiment that he cherished.

According to Hoover, the revolutionary upheavals of World War I and its aftermath had produced a world in ferment. In this cauldron, several ideologies (he called them "social philosophies") were competing for the minds of men—among them Communism, Socialism, Nazism, Syndicalism. To Hoover, who had seen the vicious results that emanate from a blending of "bestial instincts" with idealistic humanitarian jargon, the need for a definition of the American system was urgent. He called this system "American Individualism."

By this he did not mean unfettered, old-fashioned laissez-faire. Hoover was anxious that individual initiative always be stimulated and rewarded, but it must, he said, be "tempered" by "that firm and fixed ideal of American individualism—*an equality of opportunity*." Equality of opportunity—this, in Hoover's words, was "our most precious social ideal." Hoover insisted that equal opportunity and a "fair chance" for individuals to develop their abilities were "the sole source of progress" and the principal impulse behind American civilization.

Hoover did not believe that equality of opportunity was automatically self-sustaining in a modern, technological economy. A certain measure of governmental regulation and guidance, some governmental legislation, was necessary, he felt, to prevent *in*equality of opportunity and the throttling of individual initiative. But the nature and extent of this government involvement must be carefully defined and, above all, kept consistent with the broad American traditions of voluntary cooperation, local self-government, and individual initiative. While not unmindful of the faults of unchecked capitalism, Hoover was an uncompromising foe of socialism and the totalitarian state.

For the rest of his life Hoover expounded, often with eloquence, the philosophy he forged in the aftermath of World War I. Speaking before a Boys' Club in 1940, for example, he said:

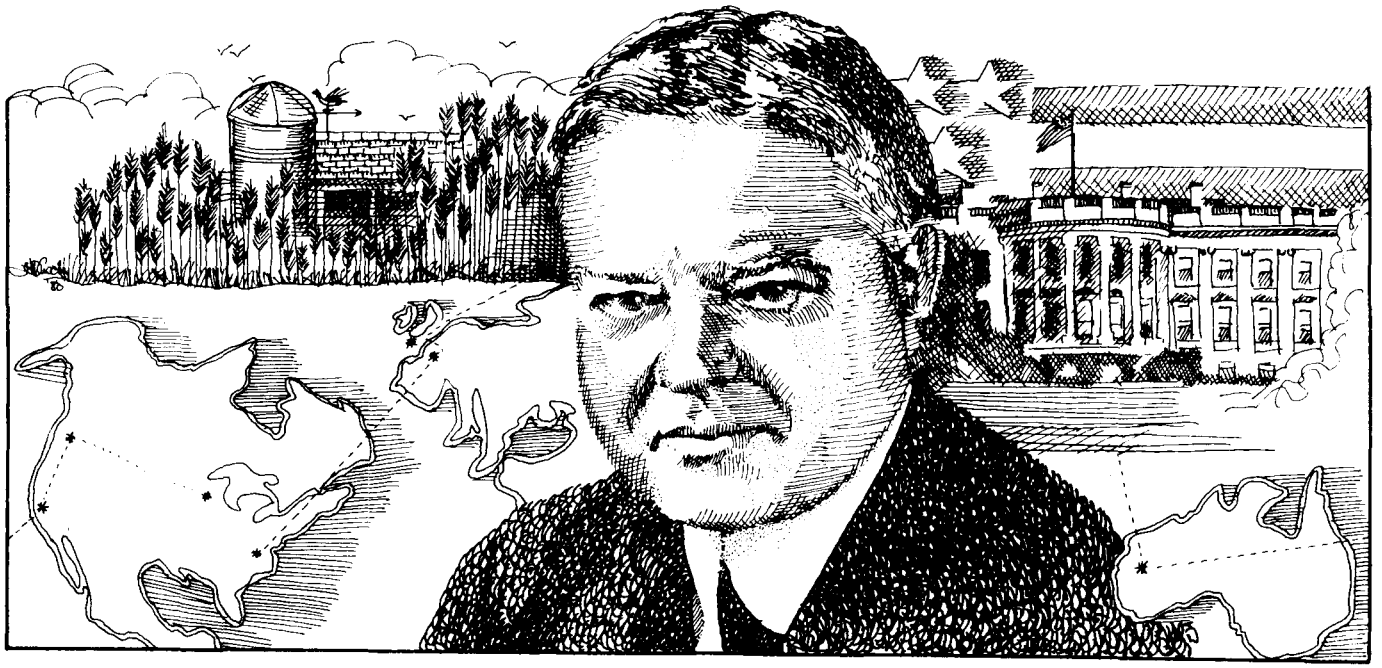
> By a classless America our forefathers meant far more than a sociological expression. There were to be no stratifications in life that handicapped the rise of any boy from the bottom to the top. . . . The human particles should move freely in the social solution. This idea of a fluid classless society was unique in our world. It was the point at which our social structure departed from all others.

And always he drew the contrast between the America he loved and the Old World with its pestilent ideologies. Listen to his words to a gathering in West Branch in 1948:

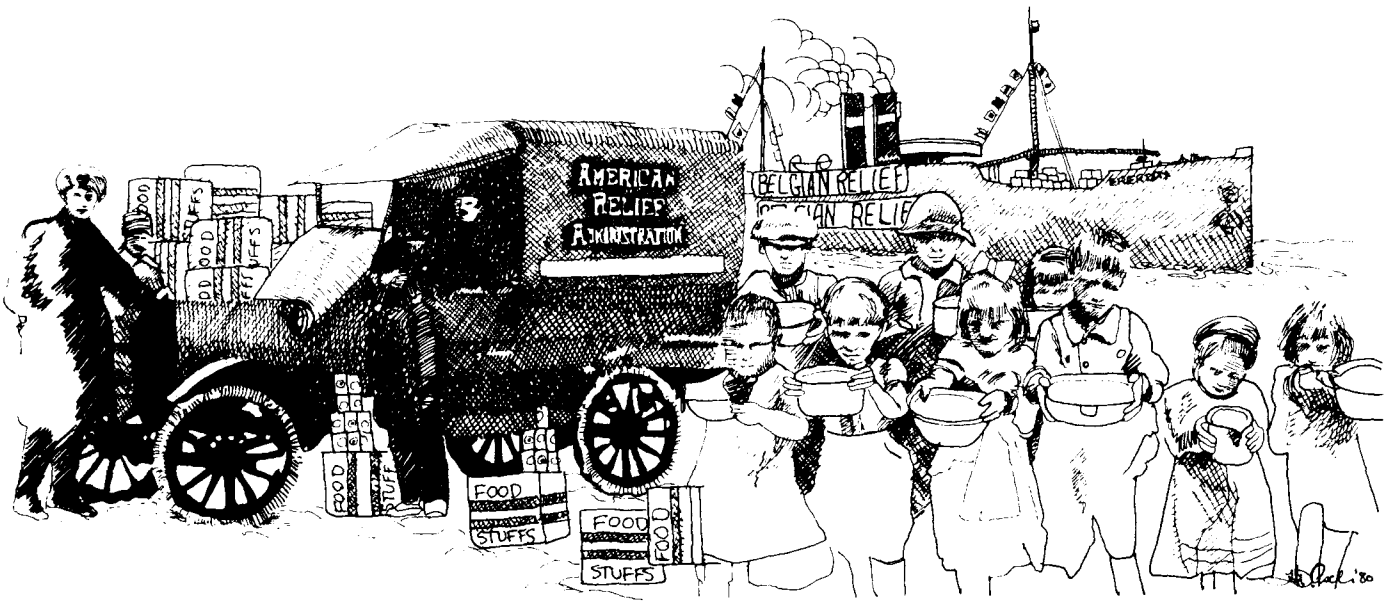
> I have seen the squalor of Asia, and the frozen class barriers of Europe. And I was not a tourist. . . . My every frequent homecoming has been a reaffirmation of the glory of America. Each time my soul was washed by the relief from grinding poverty of other nations, by the greater kindliness and frankness which comes from the acceptance of equality and a belief in wide-open opportunity to all who want a chance.

How, though, could equality of opportunity be preserved? For Hoover there were many answers. One, perhaps the most crucial, was our educational system. Another mechanism, in Hoover's eyes, was the Boys' Club movement; in it, he claimed, "there is a restoration of equal opportunity with all the other boys." Indeed, many of Hoover's governmental policies and charitable activities over the years, including his long concern with child welfare, acquire a kind of thematic unity if we perceive them as attempts to promote equality of opportunity for all Americans, especially the young.

It was part of Herbert Hoover's ordeal in his later years that the vision of America that he expressed came to seem abstract and anachronistic for many Americans. It was all right for Hoover to extol the social system that had produced *him*, many people seemed to think, but were his tributes to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



America's traditional values truly relevant any longer, now that the continent was settled and we lived in an industrialized society? Wasn't America's pioneer past over now, and with it the supposedly outmoded values of individualism, neighborly cooperation, and private initiative?

Herbert Hoover responded forcefully to such criticisms. It was not the mere accidental availability of abundant land and natural resources that has blessed America, he insisted. It was our social system, animated by the ideal of human freedom. To Hoover the principles of American individualism were not anemic platitudes, to be uttered, perhaps, on the Fourth of July. And he warned against the notion, increasingly fashionable today, that America has become a closed, stagnant society in which progress has irrevocably halted. This, he said,

> is the concept of a static nation. It is necessarily the philosophy of decadence. No society can become static, it must go forward or back. . . . No society will function without confidence in its future opportunities.

Free men and women, uncommon men and women competing and cooperating voluntarily are the source of liberating social energy

Some may believe that Hoover's viewpoint is irretrievably outmoded. Certainly it is true that America—and the very nature of our government—have altered in the half-century since he was President. A half-century is a very long time.

And yet I suggest that there is today an increasing resonance to Herbert Hoover's philosophy, more than a decade after his death. The challenges we confront raise philosophical questions Hoover's answers to which deserve our attention. Consider, for instance, the increasingly pervasive, and legally countenanced, use of quotas in the hiring of men and women for jobs in business, universities, and government. In our commendable desire to eliminate past discrimination, are we not perhaps invoking an antithetic creed, which measures us by the crude and irrelevant categories of race, gender, and ethnic origin? Herbert Hoover's philosophy has much to say on this point.

Or consider the much-discussed energy crisis. If Herbert Hoover were living today, I suspect that as a lifelong champion of efficiency and the elimination of waste he would vigorously encourage efforts toward conservation of our resources. But he would also stress that a far more precious resource than oil must not be allowed to atrophy. This is our *social* energy. And the source of this liberating social energy is not an overweening, coercive, stultifying, bureaucratic government but free men and women, uncommon men and women, competing and cooperating voluntarily in an open, fluid society. It is a proper function of government, I think he would say, to stimulate initiative and to foster its harmonious use. It is not the proper function of government to try to *monopolize* social energy like a giant parasitic sponge.

I have emphasized the roots of Herbert Hoover's philosophy in the contrast he perceived between the Old World and the New. We have seen the ghastly practical consequences of some of the alternative social philosophies which have motivated men and women in this often bloody century. Consider the tens of millions who have perished in the Gulag Archipelago. Consider the death camps at Auschwitz. Consider, today, the agony of the Vietnamese boat people who would rather run the risk of drowning at sea than live under the "social philosophy" called Communism.

Free societies are a rarity in human history, and they are not self-sustaining. To survive they require a cogent understanding of their fundamental, undergirding values. This Herbert Hoover realized. He spent much of his life attempting to apply these values and to teach us what he learned. He speaks to us still. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET'S DO IT

Toying with the Cultural Messages

LEOPOLD TYRMAND

In the Middle Ages, an innocent-looking 16-year-old girl who had killed people at random would have been considered possessed by Satan and duly exorcised or burned at the stake. A hundred years ago, she would have been seen as a victim of economic exploitation. Quite recently, social alienation, psychotic puberty, or improper relations with her father would have been the accepted explanation. Now it looks as if cultural moods and trends generated by ideas may be the culprit.

Here is how it works.

From the morning radio news one learns that a middle-aged woman, upset by marital misfortunes, has hijacked a passenger jet with 131 persons aboard and subjected them to the ordeals of terrorism, the bubonic plague of our age. The same broadcast informs us that a professional association of film critics has voted *Midnight Express* the year's best movie. Are these events correlated? Of course they are.

A couple of days later, 16-year-old Brenda Spencer opens fire on a crowded schoolyard in San Diego, kills two and wounds nine. Her motivation: "I just did it for the fun of it . . . I don't like Mondays." About the same time, one of the best-selling records in America was a new album by Ramones, a punk rock group; four scruffy idols of 16-year-olds sing: "*I don't care 'bout poverty/ All I care 'bout is me . . .* " Are these two facts interrelated? Of course they are.

Midnight Express is a movie glorifying heinous violence, pederasty, and drug smuggling, all presented as human edification. Even *Time*, a journal of little discrimination when it comes to freedom of the arts, called it "the ugliest sadomasochistic trip . . . that our thoroughly nasty movie age has produced." But Brenda could have seen it—it was not X-rated. In case she missed it, the *New York Times* "Special Features" serialized the book it was based on, and the *Chicago Tribune* ran the book in installments. The idea that anyone should have access to bestiality in print and images may have libertarian merits, but it provides an open and massive support for mental and moral aberration on a socially important scale.

Lust, Sweat, and Sex

First and foremost, it creates a cultural climate that rapidly dissolves those obligations by which civilization lives and without which it cannot survive. Brenda Spencer exists amid the synergistic pressures of the current pop/mass-cultural scene and soaks them up by osmosis. They are sanctified by fashion, by rewards, by their very omnipresence, and are staved off by nothing. Brenda lives her daily life with Kiss, another rock group, a teenage ideological icon which proselytizes "Lust, Sweat, and Sex." At her age of 16, sex, whether she practices it or not, is an available commodity with disposable consequences, be they emotional or physical. She sees its shoddiest manifestations on TV and in tawdry magazines on every newsstand; meanwhile, her teachers generally avoid the moral and behavioral side of the issue, limiting themselves to hygienic technicalities. In more serious outlets of culture, she finds it widely accepted that sexuality means progress—that it is a wholesome revolution against prudery, a liberation of the human mind and body. For 15 years, psychologists, pornographers, and the media have been working to reduce sexuality and its manifestations to mere physiological reaction; Brenda's is the first generation which has to live with this approach to sexuality. She does not realize that at mankind's dawn, sexual activities were mere functions, and that over the course of time the human race imposed on itself countless conventions that were supposed to refine sexuality into a source of values and emotions, and thereby enrich life.

No one tells her this; there's no fashionable cultural activity that could bring her *this* side of the story. No one, from *Newsweek* to CBS to Paramount Pictures, makes her aware of, or visualizes for her, the direct connection between the cheapness of sex and that of human life; and, naturally, in our technotronic mass-cultural setup, what's uncondemned is mercilessly promoted. Stamping out the moral/emotional dimension of sexuality creates a baneful vacuum in individual lives—and Brenda's "fun" is directly related to it.

Those private demons that drive ordinary people are still, sociology and psychoanalysis notwithstanding, terribly powerful elements of existence. Religions and social ideas always relate to them. But probably never before were they more the products of a manipulative culture that has been transformed into an industry. The reasonable liberal looks with dread upon this corruption conceived in his name: he sees programmatic moral irresponsibility becoming the device of manipulators, and he himself becomes prey of the cultural nihilists. Most of them consider themselves "children of the Sixties"; they elevate petty frustrations to the rank of moral dilemmas, and reduce conscience to the role of an emotional dildo for superficial satisfactions.

Triviality of Death

Hijacking planes, murder, arson, drug peddling, blinding horses, raping boys, copulating in school corridors—all this becomes material for "objective," "cool," "impartial" presentation, and is often hailed as existential fulfillment. Massacres duly follow, either in Guyana or in the lobbies of movie houses that offer *The Warriors*. There is no one in this most variegated, this richest and freest of cultures, to tell Brenda Spencer, "Thou shalt not kill . . . ," and, consid-

Mr. Tyrmand, author of the Rosa Luxemburg Contraceptive Collective *and* Notebooks of a Dilettante, *is associate director of the Rockford College Institute in Rockford, Illinois.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ering her life's cultural context, she could rightly view such a suggestion as inconsistent. She is the end product of a culture that has made a value of moral void, and the triviality of death a natural law.

In a reality constructed by books, magazines, and movies that refuse to condemn fornication, drug-induced bestiality, and the like, killing becomes an antidote to boredom, a spectacle of figurines tipping over as they would on a TV screen.

Who, if anyone, can be blamed for that?

This could be the most crucial question of our lifetime. Too many people, motivated by the best intentions, are daily doing away with fundamental Western values. They are busy creating a cultural climate according to certain gospels—which does not mean that the media and movie or publishing industries consist only of these.

What is the cultural climate? What are these gospels?

The Role of Fashion

A cultural climate is an agglomeration of fashions, from philosophical to sartorial. Those from Schumpeter to Kristol who have written about the New Class, the intellectual and cultural establishments, the intelligentsia as social stratum, have paid too little attention to the fact that these power-hungry groups rule through fashion. Like other establishments in history, they produce modes of behavior, attitudes, and poses that mold the existence and destinies of their contemporaries. Present moods, trends, and events together form something which can be safely denoted as the liberal culture, and which emerges as the distinct cultural ambience of our everydayness.

Liberalism and the liberal culture are not the same: the latter is what happened to liberalism, in the last quarter-century, on its way from the Berkeley Free Speech Movement to Brenda Spencer. The sleazy subculture of the Sixties (usually called the counterculture) has been made viable by American liberalism's approach to culture in general. The thoughtful, honest tradition of liberalism is the first victim of such an evolution, but no one can deny the obvious circumstance that the liberal concept of freedom, stripped of any moral qualifications, was easily transformed into permissiveness, which, ultimately, became ensconced as our society's reigning social and behavioral tenet. Now we are in a trap: the natural balance between permission and prohibition has been demolished; prohibition has been declared evil per se, permission good per se. *That* kind of idea, elevated to the status of a gospel by which people and society should live, is something that obviously invades mentalities and, finally, affects the very metabolism of a functioning society.

The American popular mind, so politically wayward and unpredictable, is embarrassingly docile and timid vis-à-vis cultural influences. A cultural climate is thus most effectively fabricated by the liberal culture's middle-echelon activists: editors, columnists, social commentators, feature writers, TV scriptwriters, critics (those same critics who care nothing about the sociocultural influence of *Midnight Express*), reviewers, reporters, etc. It's thanks to them that a Mick Jagger gets $25 million for what they themselves call the message of "Excess, Threat, and Androgyny." This docility gives a tremendous power to all those who manipulate culture on a mass scale. They display a fiery, militant, and investigative spirit wherever their preferences are at stake. They behave in an ominously ambiguous way when objectivity and good sense are badly needed. They declare what's good or bad by decree, unmotivated by any discernible moral or social criteria. Supported by them, any utterly mendacious movie, pernicious TV show, cynical novel, can turn into a tremendous financial success and, much more importantly, become a social factor, because the press and the reviewers did nothing to thwart its cultural impact. Can a society survive holding up as exemplars to its youth "artistic" performers whose common denominator is an appalling amalgam of ruthlessness, meanness, and mindlessness blended in a recipe for financial and social success? The answer to this question may be the key to our future, and, as of now, the liberal culture is holding that key.

The most tragic and frightening aspect of the liberal culture's reign is that examples of complete disintegration of human instincts, as in Brenda's case, are almost instantly eradicated from the social awareness. It's an ominous portent that those exegetes, apologists, and interpreters of everydayness in newspapers, magazines, and TV newsrooms did not dwell on Brenda's exploits at all. Brenda's case has been evicted from the pages of the press and left to the families of the victims to ponder in isolation its moral and social meaning. Who could or should be held responsible for this? □

Glorobots

A robot gigantic and grand
For desalinization was planned,
  And tested with bales
  Of Chaucerian tales
That came out insipid and bland.

The robotic geneticist squirms
When asked what eugenics affirms,
  And will not orate
  On man's future fate
In sacred or secular terms.

A robot, concealing the way
His wires fell into decay,
  Was outwardly quite
  The Arthurian Knight,
But inwardly Dorian Gray.

Despising machines to a man,
The Luddites joined up with the Klan,
  And ride out by night
  In a sheeting of white
To lynch all the robots they can.

A robot played chess with a punch,
But died with a hideous crunch
  One day when the pawns
  Appeared to be prawns
And he gobbled them up for his lunch

—C. M. AND G. A. MAXSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enterprise Zones

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

WHEN Ronald Reagan made his famous foray to the dishevveled precincts of the South Bronx the other day, one of the ideas he was attempting to sell was a new-fangled concept known as "enterprise zones."

It's a pretty safe bet that most of Reagan's listeners—like most other people in the United States—had never heard of enterprise zones before. But it is an equally safe assumption that all of us will be hearing a lot more about them in the future. As sometimes happens in the peculiar rhythms of our politics, this idea for refurbishing and revitalizing our ailing inner cities has arisen at a time when people of widely differing persuasions seem willing to accept it.

What makes such acceptance the more astonishing is that the idea appears to be a good one. The basic notion is to free up sectors of the inner city from the overweening weight of government: regulations that throttle individual initiative, high marginal tax rates on personal income, business taxes that increase operating costs and eat up capital—the net effect of which is to snuff out the spirit of enterprise, work, and job-creating investment.

A bill to reverse this situation by undoing the disincentives has been submitted by New York Congressmen Jack Kemp (R.) and Robert Garcia (D.)—the latter representing the very South Bronx that has been the object of so much political gamesmanship. The bill, HR-7563, is co-sponsored by Representatives Millicent Fenwick (R., N.J.), Robert Edgar (D., Pa.), Henry Nowak (D., N.Y.), David Stockman (R., Mich.), and Bob Michel (R., Ill.). Among those who have spoken favorably of it are Vernon Jordan of the Urban League, Representative Augustus Hawkins of the Black Caucus, Senators Rudy Boschwitz of Minnesota and John Chafee of Rhode Island (who have a companion measure in the upper chamber)—and Ronald Reagan. All in all, a pretty decent coalition.

The Kemp-Garcia bill, also known as the "Urban Jobs and Enterprise Zone Act of 1980," would establish several triggering devices to qualify an area for its attentions. The unemployment level would have to be double the national average, and at least 30 per cent of the families living in the area would have to be below the poverty line. If these conditions are found to exist, a state can certify a neighborhood as an "enterprise zone" by agreeing, with consent from the local authorities, to reduce the property taxes levied there by 20 per cent across a four-year span.

Tax Cuts for the Ghetto

At this point the Federal Government would begin to lift some of its numerous taxes also. Social Security payroll taxes on employees and employers would be slashed by 90 per cent for adolescents, 50 per cent for adults; capital gains taxes would be cut in half, corporation taxes would be reduced by 15 per cent, and small businesses would be allowed a three-year tax write-off of the first $500,000 of assets purchased in a year. Also, such areas would receive preferred consideration as "foreign trade zones," in which exporters to the United States can finish goods before the payment of duties.

The intended effect of these adjustments would be to increase incentives to business formation in the inner city, with accompanying provision of jobs, and to permit accumulation of resources that can be used to keep those jobs in being, rather than for the care and feeding of government officials. The net effect, as Kemp describes it, would be to "greenline" such neighborhoods as candidates for investment—as opposed to the practice of so-called "redlining" which currently marks these areas as poor financial gambles.

The Kemp-Garcia bill, it should be noted, goes only part of the way toward a full-bodied "enterprise zone" approach as first propounded in Great Britain. In the original version, the lifting of regulatory restrictions was a prime objective, along with greater freedom from taxation. This would include a relaxation of zoning and other restraints (so that business would have to comply only with basic safety and pollution laws), exemption from closed shop and minimum wage requirements, and so on. Such additional steps, of course, would stir up considerable political opposition.

Mr. Butler Did It

Major credit for introducing the enterprise zone to the United States goes to Mr. Stuart Butler, a bright young English economist who wrote a monograph on the subject for the Heritage Foundation last year. Mr. Butler, an active participant in the renaissance of British conservatism, described the concept as it had been evolved in England by Sir Geoffrey Howe (now chancellor of the exchequer) and Peter Hall, a Laborite professor. In his writings since then, Butler has been a tireless and effective advocate of the program.

That so many people are attracted to enterprise zones suggests the growing disenchantment with the top-down urban planning strategies of the past, and augmented awareness in many sectors of society that real-life jobs don't come from government and taxes, but from the activities of private business. As Congressman Garcia put it: "Businesses, attracted to impoverished areas by these incentives, will bring with them economic growth and jobs, and, through jobs, access to the mainstream of American society."

As the original British version indicates, the tax load is only part of the problem—but it is a crucially important part. While the effects on the inner city can of course be known only from actual experience with the concept, lifting taxes is almost always a good idea. It hardly ever does any harm, and in this particular case could do a world of good. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Escaping the Teachers' Clutch

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

AT A TIME when most American parents are complaining bitterly, though ineffectually, about the low quality of public schooling, the teachers' unions devote their energies to inflating the cost of public instruction. A case in point is the current situation in the schools of Los Angeles.

The United Teachers of Los Angeles, thirty thousand strong, demand that their salary increases be tied to the Consumer Price Index, now rising at about 12 per cent annually. That's their contribution to the struggle against inflation. (The Los Angeles superintendent of schools has offered a raise of 6 per cent for next year; several members of the school board wonder where they're going to find the money for even that increase.) And of course they also insist on numerous fringe benefits.

Even though enrollments have been diminishing in most of the country, the burden of the cost of public schooling has become nearly insupportable. While the cost has risen steadily, the product has been declining in quality. Funds for research and improvement, in most districts, have been wiped out by the stranglehold of the teachers' unions, interested solely in higher pay. Is there no escape from the clutch of the teachers' unions?

Practically all parents desire that their offspring obtain decent schooling. If this is not to be found in the typical public school nowadays, then where? To send children to an independent ("private" or church-related) school ordinarily means a double burden of costs: school taxes plus tuition at the private school. Besides, in many districts no independent schools survive.

How about dismissing public instruction as lost endeavor, and educating children at home instead? Why, because of the truancy laws, which in every state make it difficult (in varying degrees and ways) to school one's own children, no matter how well qualified parents may be for the task, and no matter how strong their objection to the present condition and ideology of the public schools. The teachers' unions are zealous to back the compulsory-attendance regulations, for the bigger the enrollment, the more jobs for union members and the higher the pay.

Is there no recourse at all against this public-school monopoly? Why, yes: the courts. Ever since Mr. William B. Ball won the Amish case in the U.S. Supreme Court (1972), federal and state courts have inclined toward allowing exceptions to compulsory-attendance statutes. Under certain circumstances, parents may be exempted from sending their children to public schools or even to "accredited" independent schools. The exemptions are founded upon the parents' religious convictions.

A SIGNAL victory for freedom of educational choice was won in a Michigan court late last year. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nobel, distressed by the irreligious and otherwise objectionable schooling given their children in public schools, had enrolled their children in correspondence courses offered by the Christian Liberty Academy, of Chicago. Mrs. Nobel, a college graduate and herself an experienced but not "certified" teacher, taught the children regularly and systematically at home. Michigan's attorney general brought a criminal action against the Nobels, with menaces of fines and imprisonment for violation of the truancy statute. A decision was pronounced by District Judge Gary Stewart, of Allegan County, last December.

Judge Stewart acquitted the Nobels; and his opinion affirmed that indeed parents may provide for their child's education at home without having a certified teacher present, under certain circumstances. In this case, the parents' religious beliefs were found sufficient ground for exempting them and their children from compulsory attendance at regular schools. Justice Stewart cited federal precedents which allow broad interpretation of First Amendment provisions for religious freedom.

"The definition of religion is currently broad enough to include many beliefs which are not conventional, traditional theism," he remarked. "The Court has noted that nontraditional beliefs, including secular humanism, atheism, and nontheistic faiths, are all 'religion' for the purpose of free-exercise analysis. . . . The government can only punish acts taken pursuant to sincerely held religious beliefs in extraordinary circumstances. Criminal or civil sanction of religious-based action must be based upon a compelling state interest."

He found no such compelling state interest in the schooling of the Nobel children. "An evaluation of the Nobel children has indicated that all five are intelligent and appear to be well-adjusted and normal. Mrs. Nobel has demonstrated and the evidence establishes that she is a qualified teacher excepting for the certification requirement."

Clearly this ruling permits intelligent parents very considerable latitude as to where their children may be schooled, and how. It is not necessary to send young people to a church-related school. Incidentally, the Nobels are Protestant fundamentalists; but their cause was taken up by the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, which supplied legal counsel for the defense.

This latest triumph for educational freedom is extremely irritating to state educational bureaucracies and teachers' unions. The public-school monopoly has suffered a pinprick. I am not predicting a sudden ebbing of public-school enrollments; but I am suggesting that if parents wish to withdraw their children from the moral and intellectual anarchy of a confused public school, they may do so without being jailed. "Religion," praise be, has become a fairly broad avenue of escape.

This may grow into a chastening influence upon teachers'-union bosses and public-school bureaucrats. Certainly such court-protected exemptions will enable a few parents to rear their boys and girls in faith and right reason. Something has been done to leaven the lump of America's sourdough schooling. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Arts & Manners

Fee Faw Fum!

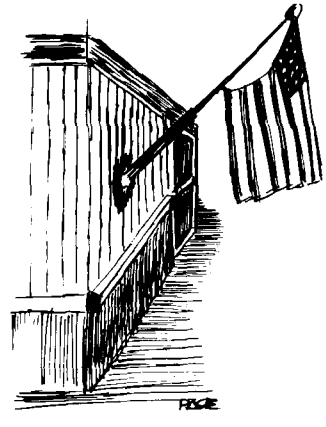
NEAL B. FREEMAN

Thunder on the Right: The "New Right" and the Politics of Resentment
By Alan Crawford
Pantheon, 381 pp., $13.95

In a meeting of New Right tacticians several years ago, Paul Weyrich, an irresistible force within the group, announced: "I don't know about you guys, but I'm not for Reagan. If he gets in, we're out. We'd have no input in that Administration." Weyrich is a savvy, unsentimental Washington operator and, as is frequently the case, he was on the money. Reagan went on to take the GOP nomination with a coalition of Californians, Old Rightists, and grassroots conservatives. The New Right was virtually shut out of his campaign, handed a punishing defeat in the selection of George Bush as vice presidential running-mate, and put on notice that the line of GOP succession runs not necessarily to Jesse Helms but quite possibly to the *bête noire* of the New Right, Congressman Jack Kemp.

These developments, reported recently under Detroit datelines, tend to sap the energy from Alan Crawford's bustling study of the New Right, *Thunder on the Right*. Crawford's purpose, he states at the outset, is to "speak frankly on the New Right and its damaging effect on the conservative cause." It is the "responsibility" of conservatives, he believes, to "disavow and dissociate themselves from the radicals, reactionaries, and hucksters who work their side of the street." In a heavily researched book that combines some sound analysis with titillating gossip, more than a few factual errors, and an undifferentiated ideological anxiety, Crawford succeeds only partially.

There is no reticence about naming names. Crawford identifies anybody who may one day be somebody in the New Right. The principal villains of Crawford's piece, however, are the fearsome foursome comprising Richard Viguerie as fund-raiser, Paul Weyrich and Howard Phillips as political organizers, and Patrick Buchanan as publicist. In Crawford's view, these men share an anti-elitist bias that is, in its practical effect, "revolutionary." They seek to smash the power of, among other things, big business, organized labor, the courts, the media, the Congress, the established churches, the East, federal regulation, foundations, and public schools. And that's for openers. My own view is that Crawford's alarums outrun his evidence by a wide measure. The New Right's anti-establishment swagger is partly just that—more a rhetorical pose than programmatic resolution. New Rightists tend to be New Class technocrats themselves, most of them from the East, many with Ivy League backgrounds, not a man among them who counts among his close friends an assembly-line worker, a pineywoods redneck, or a Dayton housewife. The New Right is not so much interested in destroying NBC as it is in replacing David Brinkley with one of its own.



Crawford is on a firmer footing when he reports on, and then deplores, the fundraising excesses of various New Right groups—there is a poignant interview here with Marvin Liebman, the man who invented the right-wing mailing list and now laments some of the purposes for which it is used—and the cannibalistic attacks on conservatives who move beyond the New Right orbit. Crawford contends that almost anybody who manages to reach a national constituency, be it in politics (Goldwater, Reagan, and now Kemp) or in journalism (William F. Buckley Jr., William Safire, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George F. Will), is summarily read out of the movement. In the view of the New Right, such national figures cease to be "authentic conservatives," becoming instead "creatures of the liberal media." These seven men in particular have become "hate objects" of the New Right. (If Crawford is correct in his analysis, then this phenomenon represents what might be called the pre-emptive application of [Stan] Evans's Law: "Whenever one of our people gets in a position to help us, he ceases to be one of our people." Catch 23.)

In distinguishing the Washington operators and spokesmen from the leaders, Crawford provides a useful taxo-

Douglas Armato *works for the Columbia University Press.* . . . **Jane Larkin Crain** *is a literary critic living in New York whose articles and reviews have appeared in* Commentary, *the* New York Times Book Review, *and* NR. . . . **Neal B. Freeman** *is President of Jefferson Communications and* NR*'s Washington editor.* . . . **Linda Stevens** *is on the staff of the* New York Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: Godfrey Hodgson, a White House correspondent, discusses America's unrealistic expectations of its Chief Executive in *All Things to All Men: The False Promise of the Modern American Presidency* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95). He believes that presidential power has been greatly leached by such developments as the decline of the party system, the vastly aggrandized power of the media, and the proliferation of bureaucracy. . . . *The Old Revolutionaries: Political Lives in the Age of Samuel Adams* (Knopf, $15), by Pauline Maier, is what the author describes as a "collective biography" of five agitators—including Richard Henry Lee and Sam Adams—who helped foment the American Revolution in that Periclean Age of American politics when even the contemporary equivalent of a Yippie was a statesman, of sorts.

Tom Wolfe's gallery of This Year's Americans, which has been appearing month by month in *Harper's* for the past couple of years, will be brought between boards and published as *In Our Time* (Farrar, $12.95)—a somewhat uneven, but genuinely witty and amusing, collection of black-and-white sketches, and vignettes. . . . *Expressionism: German Painting 1905-1920* (Abrams, $32.50), by Paul Vogt—translated by Anthony Vivis and Robert Erich Wolf—is a handsomely illustrated survey of its subject and period.

Louis Simpson has another volume of poems ready, called *Caviare at the Funeral* (Franklin Watts, $7.95). . . . *Joseph Wood Krutch: A Writer's Life* (University of Tennessee, $14.50), by John D. Margolis, is an interesting critical biography of the Knoxville-born author of *The Modern Temper* and drama critic at *The Nation*.

So This is Depravity: And Other Observations (Congdon & Lattes, $10.95) by Russell Baker is just another vicariously embarrassing example of somebody at the *New York Times* trying to be funny.

—CW

nomic guide to the New Right. The leaders, who can be defined as those with cohesive personal followings, include Phyllis Schlafly and her Stop-ERA Eagles, television preacher Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority, and Nellie Gray (among others) of the pro-life movement. These groups represent indigenous protest movements and are not usually the brain-children of New Right spokesmen. They have tended to keep their distance (and their mailing lists) from the Washington-based New Rightists, while cooperating on projects of joint interest. In my opinion, Crawford overestimates the influence of principal New Right figures on single-issue groups, while underestimating their influence in political campaigns. Crawford calls the roll of New Right campaigns—Morris-Viguerie in '76, Connally for President, the American Independent Party, Crane for President, (Howard) Phillips for Senate, (Meldrim) Thomson for President—and it is not a chronicle of uninterrupted electoral success. What he fails to appreciate, however, is the impact that *national* New Right resources can have on *local* campaigns, especially small-state Senate races and special congressional elections. It can be fairly said that Senators Humphrey (R., N.H.) and Jepsen (R., Iowa) and Congressmen Stangeland (R., Minn.) and Livingston (R., La.) were elected in the northern Virginia offices of New Right PACs.

The most disquieting aspect of the emergence of the New Right, in Crawford's assessment, is its unqualified enthusiasm for plebiscitarian government. As political tools, the movement has snatched up the referendum and the initiative—offspring of progressive movements, both—and endorses almost promiscuously the use of constitutional amendment. It seeks always and everywhere a curtailment of legislative and judicial powers and thus a de facto dismantling of the system of checks and balances. Its confidence, at least for the moment, lies elsewhere, in the people: a New Right state would rely upon a direct democracy topped by an augmented executive power. (The irony is unremarked here that had ERA and abortion gone to referendum when they first emerged as national issues, they would have commanded both large popular majorities and presidential support.)

Such attempts to end-run the system and overwhelm that "deliberative sense of the people" that Willmoore Kendall found at the heart of conservatism are, at the margin, attempts to end the national experiment with representative government. In that sense, Crawford's use of the word "revolutionary" seems justified by his analysis. □

Imagining America
By Peter Conrad
Oxford, 352 pp., $12.95

TERRA INCOGNITA

DOUGLAS ARMATO

"Primitive liberty, I have regained thee at last," exulted Chateaubriand at the sight of the boundless American wilderness. Wrapped in a bearskin purchased from the Indians, his head covered by a red flannel cap and beard grown long, the French nobleman saw in the wilds of the Ohio valley the embodiment of Rousseau's dream of man living uncorrupted by European civilization.

The English visitors to America in the next century did not share that vision, nor did they have any desire to dress the part. Mrs. Trollope, clinging to her Bristol respectability and reserve even through the most dire of social circumstances, saw in America a nation of ill-mannered boors who spat in public, consumed indelicately large meals, and picked at their teeth with knifeblades afterward. Her son Anthony had similar reservations, seeing more to admire in England's gracious gardens than in America's unruly, dramatic terrain, and Charles Dickens found America a backward, unfocused nation with city streets that "begin in nothing, and end nowhere." Oscar Wilde, attired in black velvet and preaching the gospel of the *quattrocento*, compared the great prairie to an enormous sheet of blotting paper and refused to speak in Griggsville because of its ugly name.

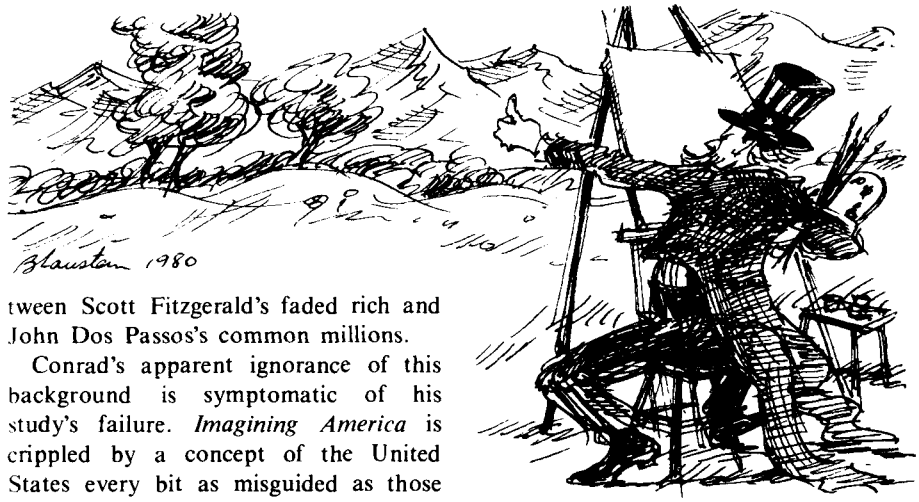
FROM WILDE'S visit in 1882, it would take English literature another fifty years to finally embrace Chateaubriand's vision of America—ironically, only when the Frenchman's beloved anarchical wilderness had been largely subdued. Aldous Huxley, W. H. Auden, and Christopher Isherwood found the freedom and purity they sought not in untamed forests, mountains, and streams, but in the twentieth century American landscape of supermarkets, skyscrapers, and close-cropped lawns. Escaping from the politically torn, seemingly doomed Europe of the 1930s, Huxley found solace in peyote-entranced wanderings through a Los Angeles drug

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

store, Auden in formulating a cult of the New York subway system, and Isherwood in the gleaming bathrooms and swimming pools of West Coast suburbia. The Victorians disliked America for not being England; for Huxley, Auden, and Isherwood that was the very nature of its appeal, and they would thrive in the unstructured society of the United States that had frightened and repelled their nineteenth century forebears.

Imagining America is a study of the British writers who came to America, from Mrs. Trollope's discovery of the entrance to hell at the mouth of the Mississippi to Christopher Isherwood's discovery of nirvana in the hills above Los Angeles. Peter Conrad, an Oxford scholar currently teaching at Brandeis, searches out the personal hells, heavens, and purgatories found in America by a dozen such writers—mapping the events of their stays, and rummaging energetically through letters, diaries, and published works to determine why they came, what they expected to find, and how their expectations colored their experience. He concludes, unremarkably, that each came for a different reason, that each held different expectations, and that their expectations colored their experiences in different ways. With impressive virtuosity and great effort, Conrad has discovered the obvious.

"Each writer here discussed," summarizes Conrad, "discovers a personal America for himself. Each version is new, and each contradicts all the others." While this is undoubtedly true of Dickens, Wells, Kipling, Lawrence, Isherwood, and all the literary exiles of *Imagining America*, it is just as true of Hawthorne, Whitman, Hemingway, Nabokov, and every other writer of vision who has focused his art on the United States. As Conrad shows, Auden's atomistic New York differs greatly from the drug-soaked West Coast of Aldous Huxley, and the toiling fishermen of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* bear little relation to the twentieth century Adonises of Rupert Brooke's letters. But these observations are not so very surprising, or revealing, when set against a background of equally pronounced contrasts in American literature: between the austere drawing rooms of Edith Wharton and the red-earthed prairie of Willa Cather; between Scott Fitzgerald's faded rich and John Dos Passos's common millions.



Conrad's apparent ignorance of this background is symptomatic of his study's failure. *Imagining America* is crippled by a concept of the United States every bit as misguided as those held by any of the book's subjects. Rudyard Kipling perceived America, as he perceived much of the world, in terms of the hide-and-seek feudalism of his own *Jungle Books*; H. G. Wells saw it more as a technological and social proving ground. Less genuine but equally simplistic, Conrad's own "personal America" is not so much a nation as a critical model. In the pages of *Imagining America* the United States becomes the literary equivalent of *terra incognita*—a negative space existing only to be explored and charted by writers from across the Atlantic. Conrad can be a perceptive critic, but this ill-conceived idea of America blinds him to the essentially symbiotic nature of the relationship between the British writers who came to the United States and the vital society they found here. *Imagining America* does achieve some measure of success as literary travelogue, but it achieves none as literary criticism. □

Nature and Culture
By Barbara Novak
Oxford, 323 pp., $35

NATURE-FAKIRS

RUTH BERENSON

It's a pleasure to come across a book by a learned professor versed in fields other than her specialty, particularly one who couches her thoughts in jargonless English. Barbara Novak's *Nature and Culture*, a study of nineteenth century American landscape painting and the philosophical and literary climate that nurtured it, is such a book: erudite, provocative, and necessary reading for those interested in America's cultural and artistic past.

An art historian by profession, Barbara Novak sees the near-obsessive concern with landscape painting of America's most talented nineteenth century artists as an expression of that nature-worship which was a feature of American literature from Emerson to Whitman. All the while sturdy pioneers were "taming" the wilderness with axes and plows, burning off forests and pushing railroads from sea to shining sea, back east the Concord sages were describing that same wilderness as a Garden of Eden, pure and primordial, a Paradise in which could be seen, according to Emerson, "the apparition of God . . . the organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual and strives to lead the individual back to it." The landscape painters agreed. They believed, as one of them, Asher B. Durand, told his students, that their pictures would achieve greatness "in proportion as [they] declare the glory of God, by representation of His works and not the works of man." Professor Novak dubs them "priests of the natural church" engaged in a "votive act" in which they strove "to remind the nation of divine benevolence and of chosen destiny by keeping before their eyes the mountains, trees, forests, and lakes which revealed the Word in each shining image," whether they painted in the operatic style of Bierstadt and Church or the more intimate one favored by Durand, Kensett, Meade, and Lane.

Just as Transcendentalism has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

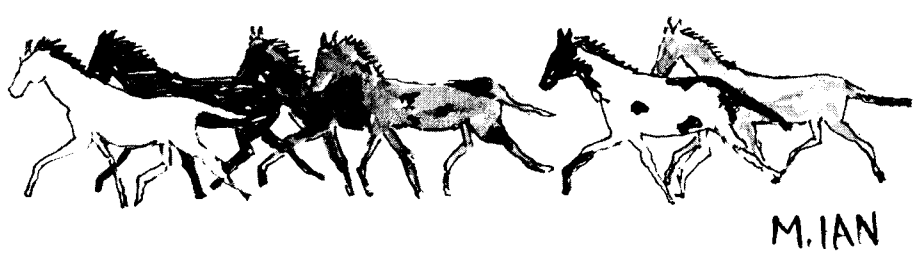
called (for all its European—mainly German—philosophical roots) America's earliest and most authentic contribution to nineteenth century thought, so the Hudson River School painters and their Luminist successors have been labeled the first identifiably American artists, a point Professor Novak has made elsewhere.

But unlike most scholars who have written about them, she does not find it necessary to overlook or play down the European influences that helped form them. Analyzing their compositions, their subject-matter, their use of color and treatment of light, she shows how greatly indebted all of them were to the great seventeenth century French master Claude Lorrain, to the youthful Turner who was his belated disciple, and to the Dutch landscape painters; equally important, she demonstrates how even those Americans who did not travel abroad (though most did) could have studied these models either through prints or, in the case of the Dutch, at first hand. And though their ideas about nature paralleled, when they did not derive from, the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and William Cullen Bryant, most of them owned copies of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which, according to the author, "affected them as no other critical enterprise ever had."

NINETEENTH century American thinkers had regarded German scholarship and philosophy with a respect bordering on awe ever since George Ticknor and Edward Everett had experienced the rigors of study at the University of Göttingen in 1815. Professor Novak discusses at some length the influence of German thought on the Transcendentalist view of nature, but she appears less sure of herself when considering the effect on American painters of German nineteenth century art, with which she seems less familiar.

Her dismissal of the impact of the Düsseldorf School, where so many, including Albert Bierstadt, studied, seems problematical, as do her rather far-fetched conjectures about the work of Caspar David Friedrich, whose similarity to the Luminists, especially Fitzhugh Lane, has often been remarked. To suggest that Friedrich was influenced by Danish folk art because when he was 15 years old he produced a piece of ornamental script that reminds her of Danish or Pennsylvania-Dutch *Fractur* is far-fetched indeed, since numerous German painters then and later, including young Adolf Menzel, earned their first money with similar illuminated greeting cards, menus, and the like, which were in great demand. Still, her assumption that the resemblances between Friedrich and Lane were due to a fortuitous congruence of aims and ideals is probably correct, for there seems to have been no direct connection between the two men.

Curiously, Professor Novak does not draw what to me seems the obvious conclusion from the facts she presents, namely that America's nature-worship, as evidenced in its art and literature, was a late *retardataire* offspring of European Romanticism. The concept of the Sublime, first enunciated by Burke in the eighteenth century, which so strongly affected Wordsworth and Coleridge, Friedrich and Blake, had become almost a dead letter by the time it crossed the Atlantic; according to the author, its first appearance in American art occurred in 1839-40, with Thomas Cole's four-part series, *The Voyage of Life*. It also persisted much longer here than in Europe, enduring, unaffected by the upheavals of the Civil War or the emergence of literary and artistic realism abroad, to the 1870s. In a sense, then, the writers and painters whom Professor Novak discusses so fruitfully were victims of a cultural lag, a recurrent phenomenon in the arts here at least up to the First World War and perhaps to the Second. This is not to denigrate their achievement, but rather to view it in an even broader context than the one so ably outlined in this book. □



Men, Women, and Other Anticlimaxes
By Anatole Broyard
Methuen, 209 pp., $9.95

FAIRFIELD MOON

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

As a daily book reviewer for the *New York Times*, Anatole Broyard has over the years established himself as one of the most reliable critics around. Generally on guard against tricksterism and cant, his reviews for the most part hold the line against the more slovenly and wrong-headed literary, cultural, and political notions that have held sway in our advanced age for the past 15 years or so. Broyard has a knack, bolstered by a gracious erudition and an incisive intelligence, for getting outside the terms of whatever book he happens to be addressing and relating to his readers that work's largest consequences and significance.

Like his reviews, the fifty feature articles published from 1977 to 1979 and collected in *Men, Women, and Other Anticlimaxes* focus with wit, subtlety, and amplitude on the befuddling vicissitudes of private life as we're living it now. Broyard wonders if he's done right by moving his family to the suburbs; worries over how to compliment the Modern Woman; picks at his status and financial anxieties; confesses, after having been nonplussed by the savoir-faire of a local workman, that he is a "job snob."

Lamenting the demise of the old-fashioned grandma, he remarks that "in America today, it takes about sixty years to become an adult," and that "nobody complains anymore about grandmother being underfoot, because she is usually off to Jakarta or Portugal." Ruefully noting that neuroses, rather like hard liquor and tobacco, seem to have lost all cachet among the trend-setters of our therapeutic age, the author protests that "even Freud, who was a pessimist, conceded that the neurotic thinks big. The grandeur of his delusions is the last gasp of the epic or heroic mode in the twentieth century. . . . And where would we be, I ask you, without the paranoiac? Is there anyone else who *notices* things?" Having years ago chosen to desert New York for "benign exile" in Fairfield,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Connecticut, Broyard writes of his forays into the city that "I feel like a man about to reopen an affair with a disreputable woman who brings out the best in him." As summer vacations draw to a close, New Yorkers, he notices, "feel a city-hunger, a nostalgia for their anxiety, for the burden of life."

Along with a diarist's attention to the details of the quotidian, and a novelist's eye and ear for the telling qualities of relationships, happenings, things observed, Broyard characteristically brings to these collected pieces a kind of literary sensibility that seeks a perspective on the everyday that might make it resonate with new meanings. He attempts to forge a poetry of the real, cataloguing, for example, the wondrous offerings of the local hardware store; fantasizing, right down to the last bar of "protein-rich" soap, the ideal bathroom he woke up one morning and found himself craving; reminding a visiting city friend who exclaimed of the moon: "It's right out of Magritte!" that: "It's not out of Magritte. It's out of Connecticut. It belongs to me, not to the Museum of Modern Art."

Broyard, needless to say, is no Thoreau *manqué*. Keenly attuned to the ironies implicit in the confrontation between an urbane sophistication like his own and the less-than-electric rhythms of exurbia, he nonetheless maintains a tacit attachment to values and verities that aren't getting all that much play these days in Manhattan and other crucibles of enlightenment. For all his cultivation and aestheticism, he has a manly, workmanlike respect for common tools and tasks. He is nourished by a visceral, but unsentimental, love for his children and by a devotion to "home," with all that that symbolizes of duty, stability, and tradition.

Reflecting on such potentially done-to-death matters as the contemporary status of fatherhood, love and marriage, friendship, children, the sexes, domesticity, Broyard, though caught up in an essentially interior world, manages to convey, in a strong personal voice, a commitment to centers that hold, to a sense of life untainted by the masturbatory brand of introspection in which so much commentary on private life abounds these days. To measure Broyard's achievement, one has only to think, in contrast, of the increasingly baroque narcissism of a John Leonard or the woe-is-me school of fiction founded by pen-wielding women's liberationists.

As the sardonic title of this collection indicates, Broyard is not a critic about to be intimidated by the antic excesses of contemporary culture. On the other hand, though, he is a deeply serious man, his slant on things informed by that tragic sense of life one heard so much about before the feel-good era was ushered in midway through the 1960s. He has drawn a bead on things as they are. Hitting the target with admirable consistency, he still manages to remind us that there is some integrity and moment to the human enterprise after all. □

FILM

THE CONTINUING FAMINE

JOHN SIMON

Fame, directed by Alan Parker, who gave us those two abominations, *Bugsy Malone* and *Midnight Express*, marks a step up. It concerns, first, the way boys and girls audition to get into New York's High School of Performing Arts; then how the work and lives of some of them interlock; how, in some cases, the teachers affect them; and how, after adventures and misadventures, they all graduate with a bang. The stories of the youngsters make absolutely no sense—one smart, tough girl gets suckered into making porn movies against her will, and one homosexual feels like a lonely pariah, whereas the school must teem with his likes—but the early sequences of more or less desperate, wryly comic auditions carry some conviction (though they are unduly gimmicked up) and a good deal of energy, which is the film's chief virtue.

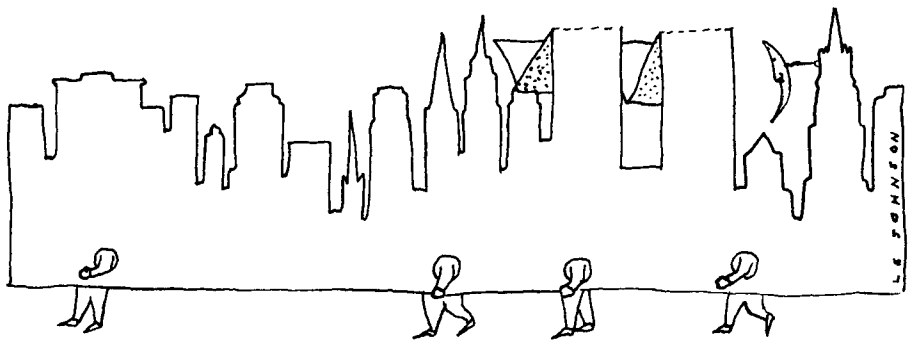
The trouble even here is that the audition as an *objet trouvé* of story-telling has lately been overexploited: we've had *A Chorus Line* on stage and its cinematic derivative, *All That Jazz*. Yet *Fame* owes even more to Miloš Forman's treatments of the theme: first in his Czech student film, *Competition*, then in his American reworking and expansion of it, *Taking Off*. There exist, it appears, subjects that film cannot use more than sparingly without making them look repetitious, derivative, all but plagiarized. Still, the comic vitality of its initial sequences makes *Fame* viewable in a season of famine.

A SOMEWHAT more interesting, though still faulty, film is *The Great Santini*, which had a troubled prehistory. A failure in several cities where it was sneak-previewed, it was sold by Orion, the production company, to Home Box Office and to the airlines for in-flight showing under its previous, equally infelicitous title, *The Ace*. On the strength of good reviews, however, it is making a bit of a theatrical comeback, and it surely deserves more than a half-life on and in the air. Written and directed by a former, not untalented, playwright, Lewis John Carlino (from an autobiographical novel by Pat Conroy), this is an uneven achievement that nevertheless contains enough of value to justify catching it.

The Great Santini concerns Colonel Bull Meechum, a Marine flying ace chomping at the bit of peace, who, though a brilliant flier and a crack officer, has been trouble for the Marine Corps, what with his daredeviltry and practical jokes. He is now transferred to Beaufort, S.C., where a squadron of sad-sacks needs his genius to make men and pilots out of them. Unfortunately, the entire military side of the film is reduced to a few vignettes, mostly farcical without being very funny. What we get more of is Bull's family life with Lillian, the loving, understanding, but often sorely tried wife, and their two sons and two daughters, whom Bull is rearing in the toughest Marine tradition, as if they too were a recalcitrant squadron. Yet, of course, along with the sternness there is also the love and horseplay postulated by this cinematic genre. The film focuses mainly on the Oedipal triangle among Ben, the 18-year-old eldest, Bull, and Lillian; but even here, despite some vibrant incidents, much is amiss.

Stanley Kauffmann put his finger on it by pointing out that Robert Duvall, a powerful portrayer of lower-class fanatics, does not convey a man who belongs to the military elite: instead of a member of an aristocratic warrior caste, we get a scrappy plebeian in aspect, accent, and demeanor. We do not see what drew the obviously refined Lillian to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



him; even his occasional sophisticated banter with his children issues contradictorily from his tough, often foul, mouth. The rivalry between the aging champion and the sensitive son who is beginning to overtake him is compelling, both funny and moving, but the side of Bull's character that elicits transcendent loyalty from wife and son even in the midst of justified exasperation is fatally short-changed. Still, Duvall is commanding enough in his lowbrow way, and Blythe Danner and Michael O'Keefe are splendid as Lillian and Ben.

More than splendid: they are able to take stock parts and make them resonate in our sensibility as if we had never encountered them before. Such acting cannot be described: it has to do with personality, charm, sincerity, and great self-control. It is enough of an art to be enjoyable even independently from the context, although, of course, it fits perfectly into it. The three younger children have less rewarding parts and are not persuasively matched. But Stan Shaw, as a young black who befriends Ben and later comes to a horrible end, is also very fine in a fairly standard part. Yet Meechum's death—because he will not parachute from his burning plane while it flies over Beaufort and might kill the townfolk—is arrant nonsense: it must take all of two seconds for the fast-flying plane to clear the tiny speck that is the town. Still, the father-son clashes are often gripping and keep a decent enough progression going. The cinematography, unfortunately, is plodding; but Carlino's theatrical background helps with the personal confrontations, and there are moments of savory family banter.

SUDDENLY, THE SUMMER has one mighty critical success that is also proving a sweeping audience favorite (though some boos are also heard): Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill*. David Denby has hailed this as the first great film of the Eighties; Pauline Kael has spent four pages raving about it. Two-page ads in the *New York Times* are studded with hearty albeit shopworn superlatives, and the lines outside theaters where the film is playing look as if a bank were giving away—in the current, detestable pleonasm—free gifts. What *Dressed to Kill* dispenses liberally, however, is sophomoric soft-core pornography, vulgar manipulation of the emotions for mere sensation, salacious but inept dialogue that is a cross between comic-strip Freudianism and sniggering double entendres, and a plot line so full of holes as to be at best a dotted line.

We begin with music by Pino Donaggio that, even if it is (but is it?) meant to be trashy, has no business being tailored for a future album of Music to Grind Your Teeth By. Angie Dickinson (or, mostly, a body model) is in the shower while her husband is shaving with a straight razor—the ubiquitous razors are perhaps the only straight thing about this film, but even they are put to crooked uses. Angie is loving herself up—not masturbating, mind you, which might make sense, but doing all those crotch caressings and nipple squeezings that soft-core porn wallows in, and doing them endlessly—establishing right away that this is a movie without psychological integrity. A stranger suddenly overpowers her from behind and makes violent love to her, while the husband just keeps shaving. Thus we catch on that this is all the fantasy of an unfulfilled wife.

In the next scene—essentially redundant after the foregoing—the husband is pumping away at Angie in bed while the weather report drones from the bedside radio. Angie pretends to be enormously aroused and having a mile-high orgasm, though even a crazed and subnormal bull could tell that she is faking. The husband, of course, promptly rolls off his wife in that textbook way of inadequate lovers, while Angie lingers glumly supine. There is multiple derivativeness here. The sexual-fantasy beginning presented as if it were reality stems from Buñuel's *Belle de Jour*, where, however, it serves to establish the heroine's crucial masochism. Here, Angie's excessive lasciviousness widely overshoots the mark of rendering her pathetic sexual frustrations. The rape in the shower comes, of course, from Janet Leigh's murder in *Psycho*, but that scene, because of its relative sobriety (leaving much to the imagination) and dazzling editing, managed to be both sexier and scarier than De Palma's epigonous piddling. The unsatisfactory intercourse scene owes something to Jane Fonda in bed with a john in *Klute*, where, however, the woman's uninvolvement is conveyed much more economically and forcefully by a surreptitious look at a wristwatch than by this insistent and overexplicit weather report.

The sequence between Angie Dickinson and Michael Caine, her psychiatrist, is, again, unconvincing. Earlier, a scene with her scientific genius of a son (Keith Gordon) at work constructing a computer was more credible; here, you feel that everything is planted to further the preposterous plot rather than to give dimension and plausibility to the characters. Even though Caine is dapperly British, his professionalism is not much greater than that of the Thirties and Forties shrinks usually played by Sig Rumann with a Teutonic accent as thick as their sconces. *(To be continued.)* □

TELEVISION

DULL-AS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

To adapt a phrase of Edmund Wilson's, who cares who shot J.R.? I may be getting old, but I can't stay awake through *Dallas* consistently enough to make it worthwhile watching any one episode. I don't see why you can't watch TV without making a career of it. The junkies who have to see a show every week have my pity, the pushers who hook them my contempt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My prejudice is against any serial hat runs longer than the *Oresteia*. As amilies go, the Ewing tribe is closer to he Carter clan than to the House of Atreus. After more than a few installnents one gets a sense of eternal recurence, as indeed with the Carters. The lifference being that the Carters don't ıave anyone as able as J. R. Ewing.

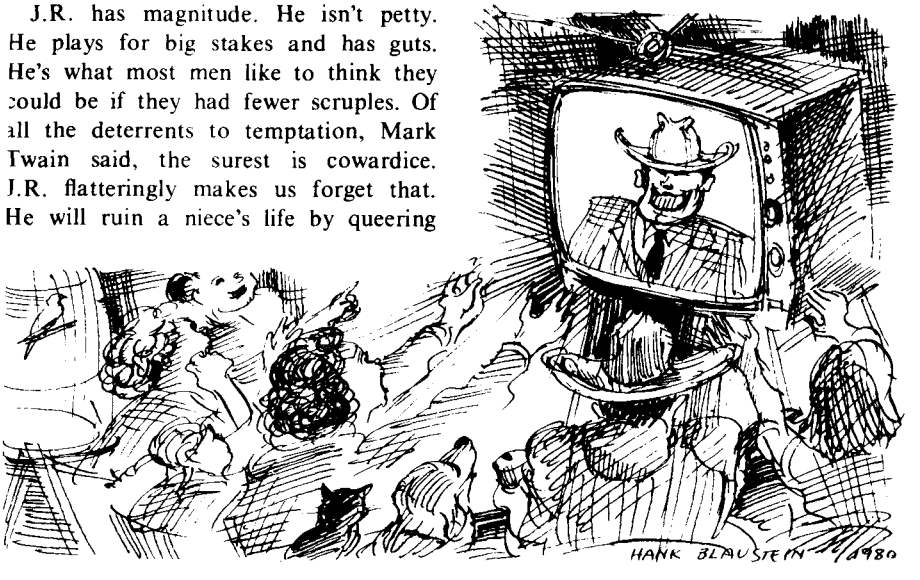
It's an old maxim that a story is as ;ood as its villain. *The Merchant of 'enice* without Shylock would hold as ittle interest as *Hamlet* without the ›rince. I gather that all you really have o grasp in order to derive some enjoynent from *Dallas* is that J. R. Ewing s forever about to do something terri›ly dirty. The intricacies of the Ewing ›il empire are merely backdrop and raw naterial for J.R.'s villainy. The reason ›ne shouldn't care who shot him is that ıis victims, like Richard III's, are inter:hangeable. All that matters is his own :vil wit.

WHY IS he so widely appealing? Among the people with whom I can ›ear to raise the subject, two seem to ove J.R. for every one who detests ıim. He cheats, bullies, betrays, philanlers, seduces, and provokes an occa›ional miscarriage for good measure. :n real life he would be hard to love, I :hould think. Which is not to say he vouldn't have women falling all over ıim. He seems to be one of those men ›nly a wife can resist. Evil is sexy, un›il you have to pick up its socks. Sue Ellen Ewing (Mrs. J.R.) got an exquiite revenge by luring her husband to ›ed, there to announce, in mid-embrace, ıer plans for divorce.

J.R. has magnitude. He isn't petty. He plays for big stakes and has guts. He's what most men like to think they :ould be if they had fewer scruples. Of ıll the deterrents to temptation, Mark Twain said, the surest is cowardice. J.R. flatteringly makes us forget that. He will ruin a niece's life by queering her engagement, but not out of anything as small as spite or envy. With him it's Texas-sized greed and power-lust: wholesome Nietzschean vices. By George, the viewer says, that's *me*, if only I weren't so nice! He's conserving and building an empire, something objectively great, and the sacrifice of smaller souls to this enterprise—souls more virtuous, for the most part, only because they lack appetite—stirs that carefully subdued sense of superiority that lurks in even the most civilized bosoms. In mine, anyway.

As Larry Hagman plays him, J.R. is a boyish-looking sort with eyes that glow a particularly lambent blue when he smiles his evil smile, and with a tongue as quick as a lizard's, though considerably more charming. Even his threats have a note of sweet talk about them. It's almost as if James Garner had dedicated his life to evil, and Hagman has something like Garner's light touch, that fine Southwestern urbanity. He has the gift of making the script move at whatever pace he chooses; you can't stop watching him, no matter whom he's sharing the screen with. Paul Scofield he's not, but he does possess a sense of fun that is almost masterly. All of which severely vitiates disapproval of his malefactions.

All the same, I don't see how anyone can bear to sit through this stuff week after week, keeping score on all the Ewings and their amours and enmities. It's not that my own tastes are so refined: contrary to an impression I may have given earlier, I can't sit through the *Oresteia* either. I barely made it through two parts of *The Godfather*. What do people see in these things? Maybe they find them a welcome relief from all the pro-family homilies of social conservatives. One movie reviewer years ago, while not wishing to give away the plot of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, observed that it had dealt mother-love a blow from which that sentiment might not recover. Between *Dallas* and the Carters, as much may be done for blood ties generally. □



BOOK BIZ

THE OTHER CONVENTION

LINDA STEVENS

This year, as it has every year for the past 33, the American Booksellers' Association got together to talk things over and decide what books people are going to be reading next year. This annual convention is one of the most under-reported but culturally influential events on the calendar, and this year's extravaganza brought 17,000 booksellers, publishers, media types, celebrity authors, and artful gate-crashers to Chicago's massive McCormick Place—one of the few arenas in the nation large enough to accommodate the ABA.

Inside the great hall, publishers vie with one another to create the flashiest (and, in some cases, the tallest or most oddly shaped) booth. Devoutly to be wished, of course, is the coveted status of ad hoc landmark, a whole weekend of 17,000 people all saying, "Harcourt Brace Jovanovich? Just turn right at Avon." Posters, buttons, stick-ons, playing cards, fuzzy little critters with feet, bookmarks: all bear some promotional tie-in for a book the publisher has come here to move. You could meet Tom Wolfe at the Bantam booth, on hand to sign paperback copies of *The Right Stuff*, or Stephen King, author of *The Shining*, or Erica Jong, whose eighteenth century period-piece *Fanny* is expected to put smiles on the faces of salesmen for New American Library. There were Victor Borge, Judith Krantz (following up the success of *Scruples* with,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

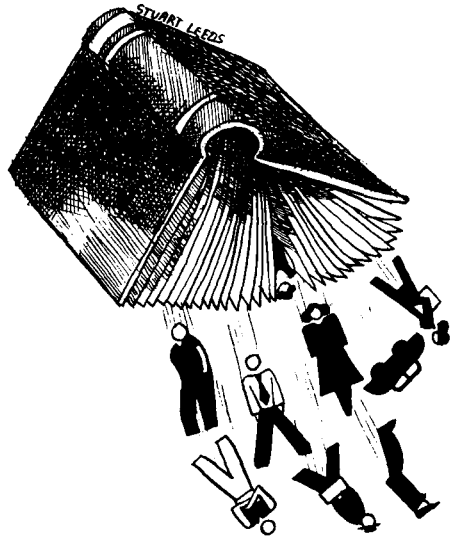
now, *Princess Daisy*), and some only-in-America juxtapositions: Jerry Rubin and his wife giving a press conference about their new book on sex called *The War between the Sheets*, followed immediately by Jerry Ford, on hand to hawk the paperback version of *A Time to Heal*. Ford arrived in the hall at high noon, but the Secret Service had arrived hours before, obtrusively unobtrusive, irritatingly interchangeable. The former President created news—he wanted Kissinger for a re-run at State—and left observers observing how much he seemed to have aged since he had appeared at the ABA convention last year to hawk his hard-cover edition.

CONVENTIONEERS soon learned there was wisdom in checking at the Brigham Young University Press booth daily, to see the animal-of-the-day: hot to push Toni Ringo Helfer's book *The Gentle Jungle*, BYUP brought in the blonde author and a different beastie each day. One morning visitors found a live, full-sized tiger parked in the booth, the next a tiger cub (which slept, mostly, its baby bottle nestled between its oversized paws), the next an infant ape.

A delegation of Mainland Chinese attended—for obscure reasons—and wandered around in blue boiler suits, teeth, and cameras. If they were afraid they might be sucked in by all this capitalistic nonsense, they nonetheless delighted in it.

Behind the hoopla, a good deal of business does get done. Booksellers from all over receive their impressions and sometimes place their orders right on the spot.

Thus went the daylight hours. When the sun goes down and the convention floor is locked for the night, there are the hospitality suites. Run by the more moneyed publishing houses, they give the booksellers an opportunity to drop by, have a drink, and chat with the publishers in less crazed surroundings. But there are also the parties, and ABA '80 was not without its soirées, some of them spectacular. This year the parties tended to be smaller and more subdued than those in years past, reflecting the nationwide, and book-industry-wide, money slowdown. But the food at the Whitehall Hotel was something special, and there the New American Library gave a private, shoulder-to-shoulder bash for Erica Jong, with a lush red-haired period-piece at the door handing out red garters bearing the title of Ms. Jong's new novel, *Fanny*. Bobbs-Merrill chose the same spot for its *M*A*S*H* party, at which a server in surgical garb operated on the roast beef and the bartenders wore combat fatigues. Simon and Schuster took the last shift at the Whitehall on Monday, the better to show off Mary Higgins Clark and her new novel *The Cradle Will Fall*. There were parties for Victor Borge, Shelley Winters, and for Jack Anderson and James Boyd, co-authors of Times Books' forthcoming *Oil*, a book guaranteed to embarrass some of the politicians who concocted the oil shortage for us. The relentlessly charming James Clavell—author of *Shogun* and talkatively proud of the soon-to-be-shown NBC series based on the novel—presided over a very posh, very small dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. Clavell spoke with pride of turning in his British passport and becoming an American citizen, and had some acid comments on what he called the "incompetent" rescue attempt in Iran.



ABA is not exactly about literature; it's about business. The big houses are pushing the big sellers. Given the recession, the big boys are playing their cards noticeably close to their chests. Betting less on novelty than on The Book That Sold Last Year and Will Probably Sell This Year, they're running with the occult thriller, the big romance, the new Michener, the new Doctorow, the new Avery Corman. Those who stalked ABA '80 could almost hear the book entrepreneurs thinking, "The building industry doesn't have the money to break new ground, and neither do we."

Get ready for more of the same. □

The GIMLET EYE

COSMIC WATERGATE

D. KEITH MANO

UFOs exist: as do the glabrous homunculi who buzz us in them. I know it; you know it. A special credulity is not required: the cumulative affirming data are oceanic, more or less. So drop your punctual skepticism for one minute: it has a common-room urbanity, but we understand each other better than that.

This information, I realize, does not furbish your day: or mine: we've got recession and Jimmy and, most important, a damn washer-drier-room sink that won't drain. No one can hack life-as-we-know-it with the moment-by-moment acceptance of UFOs: any more than I could rope and piton my way up a steep afternoon with the moment-by-moment acceptance of inevitable death or His resurrection. I should be able; dig that. But it would make changing the lint filter or my high cholestrol intake seem even less relevant. Humans have a fuse mechanism: astonishment will trip it after some sensible while. Fall ragweed allergy time is upon us and, thank you, my sinuses outbrag the universe right now.

NOT THAT I can fault your reluctance. At the 1980 UFO Conference I am compassed about with cranks enough to start a Model T heat. There are people here who could make Euclid sound like Madame Blavatsky. Contemplate, for one, *UFO Review*: "The World's Only Flying Saucer Newspaper." I'll fungo headline and ad text at you. "COSMIC LOVE: TRUE SENSUAL ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIENS." "Val Thor Speaks: the immortal starship commander who was a guarded visitor at the Pentagon . . . during the Eisenhower Administration." (And still they sent Gary Powers up.) "You Can Contact the Dead." "UFO DETECTOR: completely wired, only $17.95." Listen, Rastus, some folk at the Doral Inn tonight are completely wired and for free. But then there are Christians—fundamentalist or hardshell supralapsarian—who make me wish I were a Crypto-Motazalite on Sunday.

Eight of Them window-dress the wall: they look like fetuses with no space left to evolve up/in. The sculptor has mold-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed from life: that is, from a composite of various UFO contact reports. "The consistent description would be about 3½ to 5½ feet tall. Bulbous head, no hair. Large eyes, almond-shaped or slanted. Just holes for nose and ear. Small slit mouth. Weak, pointy chin." Not so bad: in fact, reminds me of a Barnard girl I dated once. The giant embryo motif is *au courant* now: more realistic: fewer features to explain away. (Spielberg took standard contact report material for his Gross Encounter.) One plastic almond eye, the size of a poached Spaldeen, stares out. And I laugh at that true believer, me: time for the rubber rectory, with box lunches of Thorazine, *ciao*.

Then Stanton Friedman is up, a nuclear physicist who has had 14 years in space propulsion research, and I remember it all: my extensive reading, my sanity. Project Bluebook: 1955. The USAF, under pressure, sponsors a definitive study of UFO sighting evidence. Press release: only 3 per cent are inexplicable; 97 per cent can be blamed on weather balloonery or cloud mirage or Chivas Regal. End UFO scandal. Except that Bluebook will never be made public in full. And for good reason: the complete text would concede that *30* per cent of cases—often those most reliable—have no known terrestrial cause. Radar blip and photograph and sober visual contact and landing trace (or all four at once) are heavy luggage for a weather balloon to get airborne. The documentation is massive, careful: before 1955 and after. Of late the UFO front has *sitzkrieged*. But, for two reasons, I predict that there will be a bull market in early 1981. Recall this: Gallup polling since 1966 has shown that more than 60 per cent of us believe. And that belief has a tendency to increase, not decrease, with education.

REASON A: Marjorie Fish. Flashback: Betty and Barney Hill, under deep hypnosis, recall a UFO abduction. One hairless space Tupamaro draws his trade route star map for Betty. Big problem: more than 12 star outposts and no reference point: where are we? But Marjorie Fish, now at Oakridge, has constructed a 3D model of our immediate 250-star or so precinct—and has found coordinates that exactly fit the Hill overlay. All are in one plane; all are life-possible in size. Home base would appear to be Zeta Reticuli I and II: both are probably four billion years older than the sun over Pismo Beach: and

This course *(specifically designed by the U.S. Department of State for Diplomats with little or absolutely no knowledge of the language to be studied)* is **complete, unedited** and includes the official Foreign Service Institute book with text for basic and advanced instruction. It begins in English and will gradually build your skills until you can comfortably handle the entire lesson in your new language. In a matter of weeks, you could be speaking your new language like a diplomat.

ONE LOW PRICE FOR YOU... ALL OTHERS LEARN FREE!

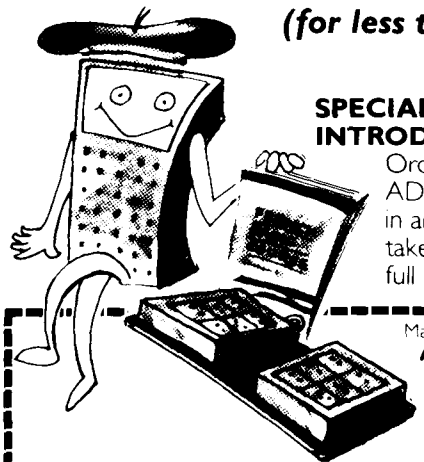
What an incredible value! For the single purchase price of one course your whole family can learn a new language and keep the course for years of fun and future reference.
The only *complete* full length Diplomatic Language Course now being offered.
Available in two volumes:
VOL. I, BASIC SPANISH 15 cassettes (19 hours) and 464 pg. Foreign Service Institute text **$99.95**
VOL. 2, ADVANCED SPANISH 12 cassettes (16 hours) and 464 pg. Foreign Service Institute text **$89.95**
(The number of cassettes in FRENCH, GERMAN and ITALIAN Courses vary slightly from the SPANISH Course.)

For immediate delivery, send this coupon with check, Money Order or charge to your Visa or Master Card by enclosing Card Number, expiration date and signature.

FREE TRIAL OFFER. Try this course for three weeks. If you aren't convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most economical way to learn a new language, return the kit for a full refund with no questions asked.
Order yours right now!

YOU'LL SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN OR GERMAN LIKE A DIPLOMAT.

(for less than $100!)



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
Order both BASIC and ADVANCED Course in any language and take advantage of a full 10% discount!

Mail to:
AMPRO PRODUCTIONS
150 Fifth Ave.
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012
(212) 243-7726

Master Card/ Visa # _____

Name _____ Signature _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Language _____ ☐ Basic ☐ Advanced

NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are unique in being less than a quarter-light-year apart. (You could see the "earth" of ZRI from the "earth" of ZRII: early intersystem travel would be stimulated.) Miss Fish's confirmation—given the astronomical (in each sense) unlikelihood of matching so many points and distances—is an extraordinary coincidence to say the smallest.

Reason B: *The Roswell Incident* (Grosset and Dunlap, publication later this year; already bought for filming). In 1947 a UFO pancaked near Roswell, N.M. Friedman shows slides of the USAF security officer (still living) with foil-like material that will not rip or cut: chemical pedigree unknown. Thick publicity, then silence: a weather balloon: subject dropped. But William Moore and Charles Berlitz, using that worm-can opener, the Freedom of Information Act, have redug Roswell up. Cosmic Watergate, Friedman calls it: according to him, not only hardware but soft crew were found. The military assumption in 1947 being: if one fell here, one at least has spaced out on Soviet turf (and Russian scientists are much more receptive to paranormal phenomena than we are). "Whoever has the secret of UFO flight first will control the planet. We're working on it somewhere. I hope."

I know: the sink. You've got your own problems. No time now to finagle with what will be, unquestionably, the greatest psychological and philosophical trauma that man has ever baggage-handled. So let it alone. But, when three or four bald Barnard grads from Zeta Reticuli II thumb you down, remember to note the large brain pail, the atrophied nose and mouth. And, of course, that weird but recognizable crucifix around each size-three neck. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

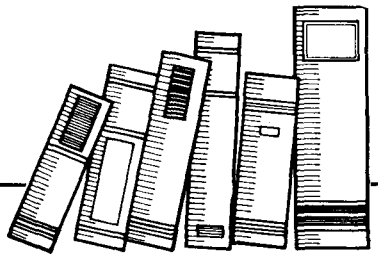
AMBROSE BIERCE: *Skepticism, Selected Journalism from 1898 to 1901, edited by Lawrence I. Berkove (Delmas, 295 pp., $8).* Every few years Ambrose Bierce is rediscovered by some editor or publisher, and a biography appears, or a collection of fables or Civil War stories, or a reprint of *The Devil's Dictionary*. Bierce is continually rediscovered not so much because he speaks to the times, but rather because of his style, his mordant wit, his eerie voice. While easily and often overrated, Bierce was original and influential. Although he spent much of his life as a journalist, his newspaper work is rarely seen and has often been hard to come by. This new collection contains seventy columns Bierce wrote for Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner* and *New York Journal*, on a variety of topics but usually with one theme: war, which the author had studied in detail in 1861-65.

There is commentary on the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, the Filipino Insurrection, the Boxer Rebellion, expansionism, freedom of speech, socialism, and politics, but Bierce returns again and again, almost sentimentally, to the Civil War. His ideas are, in the main, sound, his perceptions hard-headed in a time of jingoism. Above all, Bierce made no excuses. "It is untrue that I write for the public, and I don't happen to care whether you understand or not; those for whom I write understand and there are enough of them to make it worthwhile to write for them. Can't you skip me?—do you fear you'll not get your money's worth unless you read everything in the paper?" he writes to one correspondent. He addresses another reader: "If you freaks can't understand what you read why don't you read what you can understand?" This volume, however, while competently edited, is something of a disappointment. Edmund Wilson was right: Bierce can become tiresome, and he was not meant to be read in bulk. Yet this may be partially the fault of the editor, who has chosen to show Bierce as a historical commentator, rather than a master of invective and abuse. JOE MYSAK

SPLENDOR IN EXILE: *The Ex-Majesties of Europe, by Charles Fenyvesi (New Republic Books, 281 pp., $12.95).* The institution of monarchy has taken quite a beating in the years since World War I. In the past 11 years alone, monarchies have been abolished in Libya, Greece, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, and Iran. True, the monarchy has been restored in Spain, but its hold is still tenuous and it has yet to stand the test of time. I'm sorry to say that Charles Fenyvesi's book doesn't do much to spruce up monarchy's image. The 12 pretenders whom he has profiled in this volume are, with some exceptions, a pretty lackluster bunch. King Constantine of Greece, for example, botched a counter-coup against the Colonels so badly he probably deserved to be kicked out. Ironically, though, he is considered to be the ex-king most likely to be returned to his throne. "Exile is a habit," he says, "and a Greek royal habit, too. As is a return to the homeland." This is not simply wishful thinking on Constantine's part; many Western politicians privately express their confidence that he will be recalled to duty someday. At the opposite end of the spectrum is the Grand Duke Vladimir of the Russian House of Romanoff. When asked for his thoughts on the Russian Revolution, Vladimir says, "The *disorders* [emphasis mine] there could have been snuffed out." Fenyvesi inexplicably allows this statement to go unchallenged, as he does quite a number of silly statements. His prose is often pretentious, e.g., "Royalty—banished or reigning—are closer to the gods of Mount Olympus than to us, ordinary mortals." Undoubtedly the most colorful character profiled by Fenyvesi is King Leka I of Albania, who traffics in weapons and maintains a mercenary army which he plans to use in the liberation of his country. Although this book is the latest on the subject, it still can't hold a candle to Geoffrey Bocca's superb *Kings without Thrones*, which, to my mind, remains the definitive work in this area. JOHN A. BARNES

THE BUTTE POLKA, *by Donald McCaig (Rawson, Wade, 276 pp., $10.95).* Young Jimmy Mullholland, a miner's son who has visions of getting away from the mines, is the narrator of this tale set in the copper-mining town of Butte, Montana in 1946. Jimmy's Communist brother-in-law, Joel Kangas, has disappeared, and in order to satisfy his sister Kathleen, who does not believe her husband has simply taken off with another woman, Jimmy begins a search for Kangas that takes him through all the tawdry bars of this rough and ready town. Along the way he runs into the 1940s version of the liberated career woman, Butte's only female reporter, and they share a few moments of warmth in this essentially grim tale set in a grim climate. As Jimmy searches Butte and the life of Joel Kangas to discover what has happened to him, various yarns concerning Butte's citizens, both past and present, are recounted, some of them fairly bizarre. McCaig writes with raw vitality and gritty realism. You can feel the bleak ugliness of the company town in such terse descriptions as: "No front yard. Her house was drawn up close to the sidewalk. From the front porch you could see the tailing dump across the street." McCaig details the miners' life and the period of the Forties with undoubtable authenticity, but he gets somewhat carried away by the tiresome repetition of such details as "I brushed my teeth with Ipana" and "she smoked a Camel," and he strives a little too hard for a macho effect. Nevertheless *The Butte Polka* still has the power to haunt as it winds to an inexorably tragic conclusion.
NORMA B. HAWES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dark Horses

ALL OF A SUDDEN, it seems, everybody who is anybody is talking about the need for increased productivity and economic growth. Few ideas have made the transition from lesuetude to universal wisdom with such rapidity.

Symptomatic of this change—and helping mightily to advance it—is an excellent new volume from the Institute for Contemporary Studies entitled *The Economy in the '80s* (Suite 811, 260 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111; $7.95). Anyone who wonders what the productivity fuss is all about can find the answers in this anthology, which is a sharply reasoned, richly documented study of the ills afflicting our economy.

As seen by editor Michael Boskin and an impressive array of academic contributors (mostly connected with Stanford University), the machinery of our industrial society has been sputtering toward impotence under the weight of too much government. The combined effect of massive regulation and heavy taxes, these authors tell us, has been to divert resources from productive enterprise to consumption-oriented getting and spending, principally through government.

Because of this diversion, we are shortchanging capital investment needed to improve our physical plant and technological capability. This means we produce less than we should, fail to create new jobs for an expanding work force, and suffer a declining standard of living (both relatively and absolutely). The case is made in elegant fashion, with major emphasis on costs and benefits and almost no infusion of ideological opinion.

Among the topics covered, in addition to growth and productivity, are unemployment and inflation, the changing shape of regulatory doctrine, international trade, federal, state, and local tax policy, Social Security and other "transfer" programs, energy, health care, and divers other current issues. By focusing the lens of modern economic scholarship on so many topics of present concern, the authors have made a major contribution to our store of therapeutic knowledge.

If any issue is more pressing than our economic doldrums, it is the decline of our defense—a decline acknowledged by all observers. How we got in this condition and what might be done about it are the subjects of a newly published study called *A Program for Military Independence* published by the Institute of American Relations (325 Constitution Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $4.95). This is a volume prepared by a group of thirty or so congressional staffers who specialize in national security studies. It makes for disconcerting reading.

THE FIRST point that these specialists drive home is that our military problems are largely self-inflicted. For the past three years, the United States has pursued a policy of military renunciation—abandoning the B-1 bomber, deferring the MX missile, refusing to push development of the Trident submarine, ending production of the Minuteman, stalling on development of nuclear carriers. The result is that, while the Soviets have been moving to strengthen their defenses, we have been standing still, or sliding backwards.

Most of the study is devoted to proposals for undoing the damage inflicted by this policy. For short-term protection, the authors propose deployment of one hundred Minuteman III missiles in existing silos, sheltering the Minuteman in an "MX" configuration, accelerating the outfitting of the B-52s with cruise missiles, and other steps which add up to a (relatively) quick fix. For the long term, they urge a go-ahead on the B-1, accelerating development of the Trident II, preparation to deploy an authentic anti-missile system, and other measures to improve our lagging military technology. If we stop our self-enfeeblement now, they argue, it may still be possible to right the balance.

—M. STANTON EVANS

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ new subscription
☐ renewal

☐ 1 year $24 (USA)
☐ 1 year $26 (Canada)
☐ 1 year $28 (All other foreign)

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Initial here ____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service
150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016

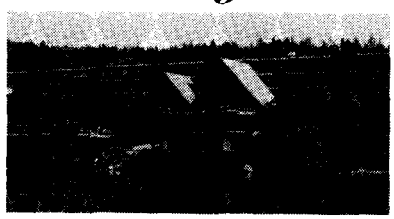
sensational golfing vacations

in nearby southern Vermont.

Combine the excitement of playing one of the most beautiful and challenging golf courses in New England with the comforts of a 100-room luxury resort hotel.

18-hole Championship Golf Course
Site of the 1979 PGA New England Open
Excellent Cuisine • Cocktail Lounge • Swimming Pool • Tennis Courts • Disco Night Club • Mount Snow Playhouse • New England Countryside and cool Green Mountains

Mount Snow Country Club
and
Snow Lake Lodge



Weekend and midweek packages including lodging, meals and greens fees, per person/double occupancy: 2-days: $72
5-days: $209

Vacation packages without greens fees also available.

Toll free in New Eng. & N.Y.:800-451-4211 or (802) 464-3333. Brochure: Dept. NR, Mount Snow, 334B Mtn. Rd., Mount Snow, Vt. 05356.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Situations Wanted

EDITOR, WRITER, press officer with media, Washington political, law enforcement and industrial management experience, seeks challenging position in Southwest/West. Write NR Box 3320.

SITUATION SOUGHT: N.Y. attorney, 34, within N.Y.C.-Conn. distance, with small town political experience, literate and capable. Seeks firm or corporate opportunity to exercise talent. Knows corporate, commercial, civil matters; willing to learn. Write NR Box 3318.

CONSERVATIVE, DEDICATED, certified elementary/high school remedial reading and elementary teacher (late 40s), B.A. and B.S., seeks teaching position in conservative school or allied field of conservative thought. Prefers Seattle-Olympia area; will consider others. Write NR Box 3322.

MOST URGENTLY...WANTED: A position in southern Florida leading to management in written and/or audio-visual communications and dissemination of scientific information, where my experiences in the written word and my active interests, continued education, and continuing involvement in environmental sciences will contribute directly to the translation and understanding of technical data to (an) appropriate audience(s). Resume upon request. Write: Fredrick Mauney, 812 S. W. First Street, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33312.

Literary

WRITERS! Sell what you write. Seasoned marketing pro can help published or unpublished authors now. Free information. Western Publishing Associates, 745 Almeda St., Suite A, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33702.

THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO CAMPAIGN POLITICS by Gary Robert Schwedes. Definitive work on local campaign techniques. Nominated in Washington Monthly for "Political Book of the Year Award." Send $4.95 to: Schwedes Campaign Consultants, 1725 The Promenade, #224-A, Santa Monica, Calif. 90401.

PUBLISHER'S OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS, 3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

National Review Accepts...

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 90¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.00 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

BILL RICKENBACKER'S funny, warm accounts of life on his Yankee farm: subscribe to The Berry Patch Letters. Twelve issues, $7 a year. Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01885.

BOOKS LOCATED. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95927.

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

THE UNFINDABLE FOUND. For our free and indefatigable search service, just send us your "hard-to-find" book wants. No obligation. Dept. NR, Bookfinders General, Inc., Dept. NR, 145 East 27th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. — Pub.)

FEMALE ARTIST, 28, incurable romantic, loves reading, travel, museums, cats; only vice is showing horses; seeks like-minded man. Write NR Box 3319.

MEET your ideal mate; Scientific computerized matching. Nationwide. All ages. Inexpensive, FREE questionnaire. TEAM. 1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10001.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: warm fellowship and serious Biblical exposition at Reformed Heritage Chapel. 942-7010.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081, or call 215-566-2132.

BACHELOR: 37, tall and slender, stable, quiet, and easy-going, likes sports, music, interesting conversation, would like to meet attractive, slender woman, Houston area. Write NR Box 3312.

Vacation

TORTOLA, B.V.I. Charming 2-bedroom, 2-bath villa. Spectacular view. Walk to superb beach. Quiet. Minimum rental 2 weeks. Serendipity, Box 291, Middlebury, Conn. 06762. 203-758-1638.

HUTCHINSON ISLAND, STUART, FLORIDA. Indian River Plantation. On the golf course, new 3-bedroom, 3-bath villa, with screened porch overlooking pond. Unspoiled ocean beach, backyard pool. All country club facilities, tennis, fine restaurant. Superb ocean or waterway fishing. Available now and through summer and fall. These are some of the finest months of the year for pleasant, informal relaxation — "always an ocean breeze" on this beautiful island. Attractive rental rate of $1,000 per month, with two weeks minimum. Call owner, Henri Bouscaren: Office 513-381-2560, Home 513-871-7741.

BAHAMA SAILING VACATION. 46' ketch sleeps eight. Cordial Captain and Mate. Call 904-731-0451.

BEACH HOMES, luxurious but inexpensive. Moontide, Rt. 1, Box 1990. Santa Rosa Beach, Fla. 32459. 904-267-2394.

Employment Opportunities

YOUR RESUME — How To Write It! $4, Informax, 3000 Market, Box 8486R, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

NATIONAL REVIEW has a permanent part-time position available, ideal for student or housewife. Fast, accurate typing required; some bookkeeping (no experience necessary). Two days per week. Write NR Box 3316.

NEW ENTERPRISE: Computer software and related products. Looking for all relevant skills, part- or full-time participation. Non-smokers only. Write about yourself to Box 68, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Gourmet

ENHANCE FALL TAILGAITING, entertaining, TV-watching, with eight delightful recipes including famous Green Bay Packer Halftime Hotbricks. Casserole, sandwiches, appetizers, $5.00. Write Halftime Heartiness, Box 362, Green Bay, Wisc. 54305.

TEN TERRIFIC TEXAS RECIPES. $1.00, S.A.S.E., Recipes, Box 13727, Arlington, Tex. 76013.

GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPES for all occasions. Send $2.00 and S.A.S.E. to VanSciver, R.D. 2 Box 644, Millsboro, Del. 19966.

MAKE YOUR OWN fantastically good (and cheap!) liqueurs at home. For easy ways to make the world's most popular liqueurs, using vodka base, send $4.00 or check, S.A.S.E. to Marlan, NR Box 3321.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RONALD REAGAN:

Speech on the Economy

Inflation is not caused by workers or businessmen or consumers or producers. It is not like a plague of locusts or caused by mysterious forces from outer space. It is caused by government. The price of goods can go up only if the government creates too many dollars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KERNEL'S FRIED CHICKEN, Teacher's fish fillets, and Big macho's special hamburger sauce. Secret recipes all for $3.50 with S.A.S.E. Computer Recipes, 219 So. 12th St., Colorado Springs, Colo. 80904.

TWO COOL, healthful, delicious treats: sesame seed spread—for parties, lunches, snacks—and cucumber yogurt salad. Send $2.50 to 3371 Melody Avenue, Roanoke, Va. 24018.

DELIGHT YOUR FRIENDS! Super-easy, super-good Barbecued Spareribs. $1.00. Write NR Box 3317.

BE AN OYSTER LOVER. Send for six marvelous recipes from Willapa Bay in Oysterville Washington. Send $3.50 and S.A.S.E. to Shoalwater Kitchens, Box 566, Oysterville, Wash. 98641.

AUTHENTIC ITALIAN SAUSAGE, gnocchi, and four more. $2.00 Giovanna, Box 297, Red Bluff, Calif. 96080.

DANISH RECIPES. Never before translated! $2 and S.A.S.E. G. Stengren, 1006 McVey, Mt. Pleasant, Mich. 48858.

Educational Opportunities

TRADITIONAL CATHOLIC COLLEGE. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline, close personal relationships, and hard work. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; seminars replace lectures; a required four-year curriculum replaces the elective system. The College is co-educational and admits students of any race, color, national or ethnic origin, and regardless of physical handicap. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Thomas Susanka, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060. Phone 805-525-4417.

Music

BAROQUE VIOLINS, for sale by maker. Wayne Taylor, 3648 Hickory Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21211, 301-235-4537.

ERIC HERZ HARPSICHORDS, Inc. has been building fine instruments in the 18th century tradition for 25 years. For brochure write: 12 Howard St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Telephone: 617-868-6772.

For Sale

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN style stele, low relief, gold patina. 9'3" x 8'8". Human figures over 7' tall. Best offer over $38,000. 5% commission paid. Write for information, photos, or appointment. 151 S. Baringer Ave., Siverdale, Pa. 18962.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS. 2¼ inch size. For sample, send $1.00 and preference to: Panda Products, Box 50, Howard City, Mich. 49329.

WALKING STICKS, CANES. Free color brochure. Marchele, Dept. RVK, 1123 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10010.

NEW — THE ADAM SMITH NECKTIE — Mark II. Features the Tassie Medallion in Gold on a superior Givenchy (50% silk) fabric. Two colours: Navy Blue and Burgundy. $20 each. Postage paid and satisfaction guaranteed. Payment with order, please. The Decatur Shop, North Adams, Mich. 49262.

Real Estate

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL to beautiful, unspoiled Maine. Four-bedroom home with 20 acres of land, $42,000 — only $14,000 down, assume mortgage at 7½%. Three-bedroom home right in town — $30,000 — beautiful inside and out, good terms. One-acre wilderness cabin sites, $1,500. Write for more information about these and other fine properties. Francis Adamo, 71 Water Street, Lubec, Maine 04652. 207-733-8884.

Investment Opportunities

LOUIS J. LYELL, C.L.U. — Life Insurance. P.O. Box 190 (Zip Code 39205), 1050 Deposit Guaranty Plaza, Jackson, Miss. 39201. 601-354-2212.

Miscellaneous

WHY DRILL OIL WELLS NOW? Copyrighted articles for interested investors. Tax shelter details, profits, types, risks, and how-to. Remit $5.95 per copy. Walter Jay, Box 575 A Fox Lake, Ill. 60020.

UNIQUE FRENCH TRIVIA! 8 pages. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. French Trivia, Box 291, Columbus, Ga. 31906.

SEEKING INFORMATION about past or present dealers of Fox Quik-Lift. Write NR Box 3311.

NO HOOK-UP home water distillers. Free details. Homesafety, P.O. Box 560NR, New Albany, Ind. 47150.

NATIONWIDE BARTER SERVICE for people, dealers, realtors, collectors, professionals. For details, send S.A.S.E. Barter, 966 Hansen Ave., Merced, Calif. 95340.

BUSINESSMEN: The easiest way to increase profits is by reducing expenses. We offer low cost, comprehensive insurance programs tailored to your specific needs. Please call or write as to how we may be of service to you. No obligation. Adrian J. Hunkele, National Accounts Division, Nationwide Insurance Company, 599 Broadway, Massapequa, N.Y. 11758. 516-798-0303.

---

500 WAYS TO GET RICH in mail order. Free information. Januz D-3069, Box 1000, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045.

"GOD BLESS AMERICA AND PLEASE HURRY" easy-on, easy-off vinyl bumper/window sticker. Dignified. Made in U.S.A. $2.00. The Lakeland Works, P.O. Box 230, Pompton Lakes, N.J. 07442.

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS — Liberal Savings for Conservative Shoppers. Strahan, Schumacher, Greeff, VanLuit, K&W, Walltex. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number. Toll free: 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 90c per word, $2.00 for NR box number

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads— get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $ _____

Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York, NY 10016

AD COPY:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

R. W. Emerson on Teddy

On The Right

New York, Aug. 13—"Yes, Dan. You have a young delegate from Massachusetts? Let's have his reaction to Senator Kennedy's speech."

"Thank you, Walter. I didn't . . . sorry . . . catch your name?"

"Ralph Waldo Emerson IV."

"Ah. Very distinguished name, Ralph!"

"Very undistinguished occasion, Mr. Rather."

"How can you say that, er, Mr. Emerson? The crowd's still cheering! People are crying! . . ."

"People cried when Ivan the Terrible abdicated."

"Are you implying Senator Kennedy is like Ivan the Terrible?"

"No. Even though Senator Kennedy just finished implying Reagan was like Mussolini."

"When did he say *that*?"

"He said that Reagan once wrote that 'Fascism was really the basis of the New Deal,' and that 'anybody who said that has no right to quote Franklin Delano Roosevelt.' "

"So? That was the statement he got the biggest hand for."

"That follows. Usually the loudest applause is reserved for a statement that appeals to the vulgarest appetite. You see, as my great-grandfather pointed out, people with a veneer of self-respect want to hear others say what they're afraid to say themselves but secretly want to hear."

"Could you explain that?"

"Fascism was the doctrine that fused government power and economic policy. It evolved into anti-democratic forms, as for instance when FDR tried to purge Congress of Democrats who disagreed with him, and then tried to pack the Supreme Court. Besides, the artistic beauty of the whole thing is that Reagan quoted a passage from FDR, campaigning for office, in which FDR promised to do all those things he proceeded *not* to do. Reagan was being adroit—but also charitable. Just imagine what Teddy would have faced if Reagan had quoted from John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address—the United States would 'pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty.' Ho ho ho. Maybe Senator Kennedy could have shortened his speech by saying, "Nobody has the right to quote my brother.' "

"Er, Walter, do you have anybody else you're waiting to talk to?"

"No, Dan. Perhaps Mr. Emerson would like to comment on Senator Kennedy's saying that Reagan had said the progressive income tax originated with Karl Marx whereas in fact it originated with Teddy Roosevelt?"

"They're both wrong. Marx was for it, true. But it was formally originated by a wild man on the eve of the French Revolution. When the proposal was brought to Turgot, his comment was: 'Let us execute the author, not the project.' "

"Don't you think he had a good point when he said that if all congressmen get free medical treatment, all Americans should?"

"No. The reason so many people want to be in Congress is that you exercise power there, and there are perquisites of office. If Senator Kennedy had come out for trimming those perquisites—for billing congressmen for their medical care—he'd have made sense, but if he had made sense he'd have spoiled the occasion."

"Don't you believe in equal treatment?"

"Of course. Where relevant. Senator Kennedy might as well have said that because he is safe crossing Central Park at night with 13 members of the Secret Service, every other American should have bodyguards when crossing Central Park. In the technical philosophical literature, Mr. Rather, it's called 'the fallacy of composition.' As in, 'Notre Dame has a wonderful football team, Johnny's a member of the team, therefore Johnny's a wonderful football player.' "

"Well, at least you have to agree that Senator Kennedy really moved the Convention when he came out for ERA, and said we had founding mothers as well as founding fathers?"

"Crowds are regularly moved by ipsedixitisms. Manifestly we had founding mothers, else we wouldn't be here."

"Mr. Emerson, I wonder if you are . . . exactly . . . in the spirit of the crowd here? Senator Kennedy said he had talked to glassblowers, grandmothers, students, mineworkers—all of them hard-up."

"He didn't say whether they'd be so hard-up if their incomes were 30 per cent higher, which is what they would be if Senator Kennedy and his supporters had not voted inflationary budgets—"

But at least you'd agree that deducting martinis at lunch is—as he put it—'food stamps for the rich'?"

"My opinion, Mr. Rather, is that drinking dry martinis at lunch should be paid for by National Health Insurance whenever you have a Democratic Administration. Therapy."

"Mr. Emerson, let me ask you one final question. Just how did you become a delegate from the State of Massachusetts?"

"By pretending I was pro-Kennedy. That was difficult, inasmuch as my intelligence tends to assert itself."

"Walter. I say, Walter? Please, Walter! . . ." □

EUTHANASIA ANYONE? *New York*, Aug. 14—If anyone should feel the impulse to patronize the politics of Less Developed Countries, he should be manacled to a television set and required to listen to a tape of the Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden, 1980. No witch doctor in Darkest Africa ever assaulted the analytical sensibilities as much as these blossoms of democracy, who stand as living rebuke to John Stuart Mill's proposition that universal literacy would bring eudaemonia. What it brings is people like Teddy Kennedy, Jerry Brown, and Sol Chaikin, and troupes of sycophants who celebrate the lifelessness of the mind.

Consider the $12-billion fetishism. You have the liberal wing of the Democratic Party committed to the proposition that the expenditure of $12 billion can put 800,000 people to work. Now let's pause for one moment. Douglas Fraser, head of the United Auto Workers, announces that "statisticians" have calculated that it costs the United States Government $25 billion for every 1 per cent of the labor force unemployed. One per cent of the labor force is—let us use round figures to complement Kennedy's—approximately 800,000 people. If it costs $12 billion to put 800,000 people back to work, and their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

return to work saves the government $25 billion—i.e., what the government pays out in unemployment benefits plus what it takes in in taxes generated—then for every dollar the government spends putting people to work, it takes in two dollars, correct? Now, there are 8 per cent unemployed, so why does not the logic of the argument discredit the Kennedy proposals as short-sighted? If the government is going to double its revenues by spending to put people to work, why stop at $12 billion? If it went all the way, aiming at zero unemployment, you would spend $12 billion times eight, or $96 billion. You would then net benefit the Treasury by $200 billion—plus eliminate unemployment. So why isn't this the economic plank of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party? If one ounce of snake oil makes you feel 10 per cent better, why not two ounces of snake oil to make you feel 20 per cent better?

During the past six months, under a Democratic Administration, and with a U.S. Congress dominated by Democrats, twice 800,000 people who once had jobs, lost those jobs. Because the government was underspending? The fiscal deficit in 1980 was $61 billion. And during the past 12 months, what about the people who *were* working? The 97 million Americans who continued to work? Most of them got raises on the order of 7 or 8 per cent. All of them were hit by an inflation of 12 per cent: i.e., everyone lost half again as much as the average wage increase. But that doesn't tell the whole story. Because of the wage increase, they walked into a higher tax bracket. For every 1 per cent in inflation, the U.S. Government takes in 1.65 per cent in additional revenue—the the bracket creep. So that in addition to money lost in depreciated purchasing power, the American consumer found himself paying half again as much in taxes. What happens when the spending power of the consumer diminishes? Lacking the alchemical properties of Congress, which can manufacture money by the whim of a voice-majority vote, the consumer has less to spend. Having less, he buys less. The result is unemployment.

THE RHETORIC is gruesomely consistent. California's Jerry Brown has the reputation of being a man of wit and trenchancy. Ironically, NBC's John Chancellor, after seemingly endless patience listening to the Governor's banalities, turned off his speech—to remark that Governor Brown was one of the best spokesmen for the politics of the 1980s. Rather like turning the camera away from Lincoln in order to remark that his Gettysburg Address was moving along singularly eloquent lines. What was the Pablo Picasso of Eighties politics saying? Brace yourself: That the Republican Party was "the party of Nixon and Ford, Hoover and Coolidge, McKinley and . . ." If he had said that Mary had a little lamb, he'd have been more interesting. What else? He thundered, about something or other, "We say no, a hundred times no!" In Switzerland they put that kind of thing in music boxes for children. What kind of economic policies did he call for? Policies "that will meet not our greed but our need." If Spiro Agnew had uttered such assonant nonsense he'd have been run out of Washington with wet towels.

Sol Chaikin, seconding Carter's nomination, said who else but Carter would show the leadership to lend one and one-half billion dollars to the Chrysler Corporation to save 150,000 jobs? Lending the taxpayers' money to the tenth largest corporation in America earns the Congressional Medal of Honor for populist Democratic Presidents.

Oh, I forgot. Governor Brown said we should strive for "quality, not quantity." Write that down, lest you forget, lest you forget. He also said that we should have a "North-South dialogue." Reagan should study the thought of Governor Brown; and Sol Chaikin, and Teddy Kennedy. But of course he is too simplistic to take it all in. □

THE BRIT IN WASHINGTON

New York, Aug. 1 —There's a character in Washington who writes for the *Washington Post* and should be slipped a tranquilizer, though these are said not to mix happily with booze. His name is Henry Fairlie and, to the great relief of Great Britain, he is an expatriate, devoting himself to advising Americans how to behave.

Somewhere along the line he picked up the designation "conservative." The etiology here eludes the memory, but it is true that he defended U.S. participation in the Vietnam war of resistance. One suspects, after enduring a few short hundredweight of Mr. Fairlie's homilies, that he really came out for the Vietnam War in order to create a certain rhetorical commotion about himself. And, then, every now and again, he will drop the word "aristocratic," or will quote from Cato the Elder, or whomever, to maintain the minimal flying time necessary to guard his license as a "conservative." What he is, is an undisciplined Catherine's Wheel, whose columns read like an angry and disordered reflection of the previous night's dissipations. He must have disported heavily on the evening that Reagan was nominated.

Would you care to know how our British friend characterizes the men and women who voted for Reagan? They are "narrow minded, book banning, truth censoring, mean spirited; ungenerous, envious, intolerant, afraid; chicken, bullying; trivially moral, falsely patriotic; family cheapening, flag cheapening, God cheapening; the common man, shallow, small, sanctimonious." So much for the 60 per cent of the American voters who, when last heard from, prefer Reagan over any named alternative.

BUT ISN'T this image inconsistent with the reputation—at least—of the (largely Jewish) intellectuals who make up the neo-conservative movement? I mean, such folk as Norman Podhoretz? Irving Kristol? Daniel Bell? Midge Decter? Seymour Lipset?—those highly educated, highly idealistic men and women who have had the courage to measure the shortcomings of schemâtic liberalism? "These men," says Mr. Fairlie, "are not evil. They are not even reactionary. They simply are vulgar ['are simply vulgar' would be less vulgar]." No one with nostrils less flared than Henry Fairlie's can imagine the pain of having to breathe the same air as Irving Kristol.

You see, although he elected to leave Europe, Fairlie simply has to say it for our own good. America is less *cosmopolitan* than Europe. Poor Europe. "Europe shudders today," Mr. Fairlie tells the readers of the *Washington Post*. "The America which Europe fears is the America of the Reaganites. . . . The Reaganites on the floor [in Detroit] were exactly those who in Germany gave the Nazis their main strength and who in France collaborated with them and sustained Vichy."

Waal, Henry, over here in America, though less cosmopolitan than across the pond among the folks you came from, we never have elected a Hitler to power. Strange. And we never had a Vichy government—strange. And we never swore we'd refuse to fight for king and country, at a moment in history that made possible the rise of Hitler. And we didn't fashion the diplomacy that created two world wars, thirty million killed; and an Eastern Empire ruled by Josef Stalin. Perhaps it requires a little provincialism to contrive a diplomacy of a kind that doesn't depend on the United States, every generation or so, to send the Yanks over to bail out the cosmopolitans.

Mr. Fairlie begins his lovesong to America by denouncing the tiresomeness and vulgarity of Henry Mencken, who himself railed against the philistines. "Mencken could in his writing be as much a boor as them," pronounces Henry Fairlie, who should study grammar before graduating to the study of manners. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The scene of a naval battle, June, 1942 — 86 197 207 130 144 110

B. Recipients of portions — 116 179 142 175 48 124 32 16 210

C. To again make pale — 138 187 173 2 208 50 219 198

D. The Abominable Snowman — 60 51 71 200

E. A German airline — 93 39 100 164 84 3 135 67 17

F. A death notice — 81 153 177 189

G. The hall of Odin — 201 159 36 53 217 178 9 166

H. What the quotation's author is engaged in — 209 23 27 49 57 64 186 206 195 212

I. Melted — 113 127 131 180 / 4 25 37 52 59 11

J. Honest — 218 69 204 38 65 101 154 171

K. Which town has zip code 50568? — 74 181 1 10 18 31 70 122 68 75

L. A horrible way to die — 105 151 72 21 215 155 205 160 54

M. What a lengthy congressional bill might include — 107 62 95 94 85 90 115 184 193 214

N. Another name for a *sheltering* trust — 43 77 106 24 143 / 172 5 118 196 145 114 108 188 202 80

O. A supplement to a will — 87 / 103 7 111 19 147 34 61

P. A will in the testator's handwriting — 174 136 170 146 33 82 66 8 58

Q. To grow thirty-two important items — 182 102 150 28 88 163

R. Unintentional — 22 120 117 12 141 148 194 213 26 40 / 190

S. A character in *Treasure Island* — 183 30 176

T. Part of a camera — 35 192 161 44 137 169 55

U. Belief — 123 89 132 152 45

V. The capital of Canada — 129 133 162 140 191 156

W. What to eat at the baseball game — 15 46 199 125 185 158

X. A National League outfielder-infielder, 1912-1922 — 76 165 211 168 104 56 203

Y. What Sen. Dirksen was wizard of — 112 119 20 99

Z. What Moses was (not Robert!) — 149 121 126 97 139 47 167

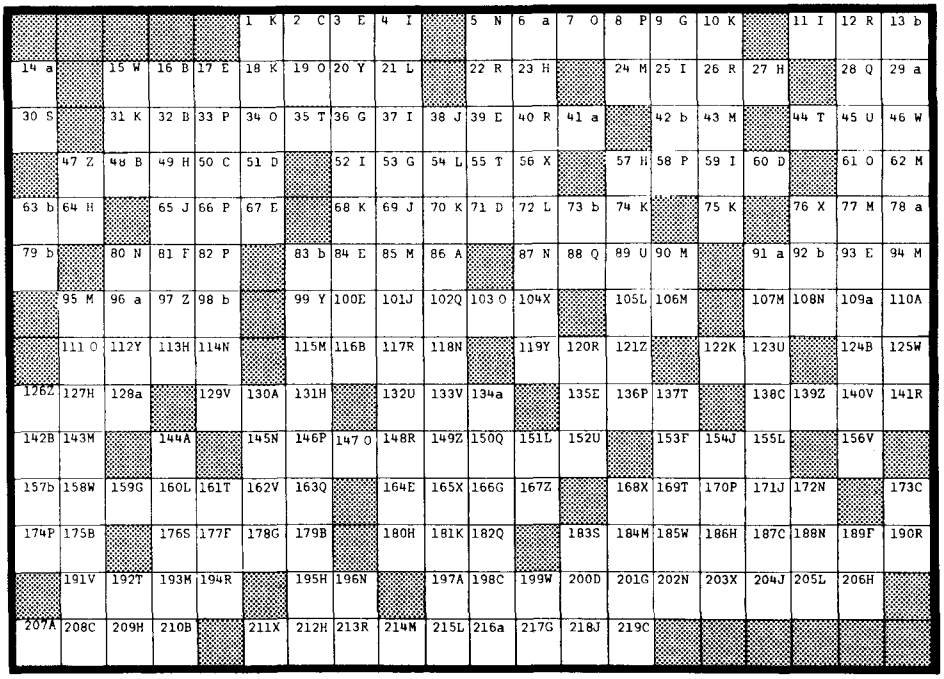
a. A noted singer (1900-1977) — 6 14 29 41 78 91 96 216 109 128 / 134

b. New things — 13 42 63 73 79 83 92 98 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1098 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron™. It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art surely will. The patterns are clean and beautiful with pinpoint definition. No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on display. You can see it at your Milliken dealer. And remember, whatever image you want on your floors, Milliken will create it.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rich Lights
from Viceroy

There's never been a low 'tar' with richer taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's, 10 mg. "tar",

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED